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For the Companion.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

"Why didn't father tell me to be man o' the house when he went away?" asked an overgrown, awkward fellow of fourteen, with dull, leaden eyes and stammering speech, and who was said to be "peculiar."

His mother, to whom he addressed the question, looked pitifully at her poor boy and said, "You shall be one of the men of the house. Ned will work out doors and get the bread, and you will split my kindling-wood, and bring up my coal, and go to the store. I need two men you see."

"Ah, father said that to—a—Ned, because—a—he has such—a—nice red cheeks, and can whistle so good, and is—a—so pretty," said Tom.

The widow stroked the cheek of her poor, dull boy and said, "You were pretty, too, to dear father and me, but Ned is stronger and older, and so father left the burden on his shoulders when he died."

"But—a—I want some on my shoulders, too," whined poor Tom.

When the funeral of this good father was over, and the doctor's bill paid, the poor widow had very little money; but Ned cheered her up by saying, "I shall get my salary raised at the first of January, and I'll give you and Tom all you want; and by-and-by I'll sell this house and build you a bigger one."

"If ever we can pay off the five hundred dollars mortgage on this, I shall be happy and contented," said his mother.

"Pooh! I guess I aint going to let you live here long!" cried Ned, looking round scornfully at the modest furniture. And the poor fellow meant all he said.

But he was one of those boys who see gold in the clouds, and think they have only to jump up and catch it, and who, when they find it is down below, and that they have to dig and delve for it, get easily discouraged.

Ned tried to dress and act like the sons of rich men who were in the store with him. He never drank, and would have been shocked at the thought; but he smoked good cigars—if anything in the shape of tobacco can be good—and he spent money in other ways that was sorely needed at home. He often apologized for bringing in so little, and always said, "Next January, you know, my salary will be raised again."

But three years passed, and still it made very little difference to the family what his salary was; for he only gave his mother about the sum he would have to pay elsewhere for his board.

When the third summer came in which Ned had been "the man of the house," several friends of his proposed an expedition to the country, walking and camping out, and so making it very cheap. Of course he, like all others, needed a rest and a change of air, and his kind mother put his things in good order, and cooked a quantity of nice things for the trip.

But alas! our poor boy had not counted the cost before setting out, and when he found that wines and cigars, oranges and lemons, sardines and other delicacies, without regard to expense, had been forwarded to the camping-ground by express, he had not moral courage to say,—

"I cannot afford the cost of this excursion, and must draw back."

Instead of this, he left home without giving his mother the monthly sum on which she relied for her interest on the mortgage.

An unpaid bill was a source of great anxiety to this good woman, and after a week of sleepless nights, she was obliged to go to the man who held the mortgage and ask him to allow her to defer the payment of the interest for a few weeks.

The widow rarely talked of her troubles to her weak boy, but always tried to make life as easy and bright to him as possible.

THE MAN OF THE HOUSE.

But poor Tom was not such a fool as to be blind to his mother's anxiety, or to the cause of their poor fare.

One day while dining on oatmeal and molasses, he exclained, "I wish—a—the man of the house—a—would hurry home with some money."

Then his mother was forced to explain that Ned's journey would cost all the money he would have for some time.

Poor Tom looked, and listened, and sighed. He loved his mother, and also, in common with all feeble-minded persons, he loved good food and plenty of it. He sat with his head dropped on one side evidently pondering on some deep subject.

His mother had a silk umbrella which he always borrowed when he wanted to go out in particularly fine style, no matter what the weather was. He now put on his best clothes, got the umbrella, and set off as fast as if the price of gold was waiting his nod on Wall Street. He asked of a lady who often noticed him and was his friend, the loan of a baby-wagon, which was granted with a smile at his folly.

He then made his way to the store where he went to get groceries for his mother, took the good-natured grocer behind the counter, and opened his errand to him in a loud whisper.

"Ned's gone fishing—a—boating and camping, and all sorts, and we haven't—a—got any man o' the house. I'll be man o' the house—a—myself, if you'll help me."

The grocer laughed and said, "Well, Tom, you're a good fellow. What do you want?"

"I hain't any horse—a—cart—a—but I've got a baby-wagon—a—. Fill it with oranges, and I'll go and sell 'em."

"But won't the folks cheat you?" asked the grocer.

"No; I'll count four cents—a—for every orange," replied Tom.

"But if you sell six to one man, and he gives you coppers and silver, can you reckon?"

"I'll ask him—a—if he's a Christian 'fore I—a—sell to him. If he says 'yes,' he won't cheat me; and if he says 'no,'—a—I won't sell him any oranges," replied Tom.

"Rather hard on sinners who want oranges," said the grocer, laughing; "but you shall have a hundred to try your luck with."

So Tom went off, drawing the baby-wagon with a large basket of oranges, and carrying the umbrella as a symbol of grandeur.

The boys all knew poor Tom, and now they gathered round him and asked, "What are you about?" "Whose baby-carriage is that?" "Where did you get all those oranges?" "Can you count your money?" and like delicate questions!

Tom was not sensitive. He answered the boys, and enlisted their aid and sympathy. He stationed himself on a public corner, screaming, "Sweet oranges, four cents!" while the small boys ran round telling the whole story as he had given it to them.

The servants looked at Tom, and the wagon, and the umbrella, and laughed, and induced their mistresses to buy fruit. In less than an hour after, a dozen boys had counted his money separately, to make sure it was all right. He presented himself, half-wild with joy, before the grocer. He had made a dollar in that short time.

He bought some tea and a fine beefsteak, and walking in triumphantly, exclaimed, "Mother—a—mother, I'm the man o' the house this time—a!"

His mother smiled at his innocence, but she saw that he was not, after all, such a simpleton as many thought him.

He borrowed the baby-wagon next day, and rallied his friends again for a second expedition.

Strange as it may seem, this poor, dull boy, with the aid of the good grocer and his little schoolmates, developed quite a talent for business. The baby-wagon was soon substituted for a small hand-cart. Oranges and lemons were bought by the box, and very soon he was making a dollar a day regularly.

He thus gained more knowledge of arithmetic in a week than he had gained at school in a year, and more confidence in himself than he ever had in his life before.

Poor, foolish Ned returned, mortified at not having shared all the expenses of the trip, and yet ashamed to come home penniless, and with a debt which would take up two or three months' of his salary.

His mother met him kindly, as good mothers always meet their boys, assured him she had got on very well, and would soon have money enough to pay the interest on the mortgage.

But Tom had no idea of losing the glory of his new position; he rubbed his hands together, jumped up and cried, "I'm the man o' the house now! I sell oranges and lemons from a little hand-cart—a—and soon I'm going to keep a store and be a rich man, and—a—buy my mother—a—some new rubbers!"

Tom really grew in mind as he went on with his business, and made many friends, who agreed to buy all their oranges, and lemons, and nuts from him; and he never gave up his claim to the title he was so proud of, "Man o' the house."

I am glad to add that Ned learned wisdom from his own folly. He bravely told his companions in the store that he must henceforth save every dollar for his mother, and he did the best he could to atone for his past folly. Tom was allowed the honor of paying off the mortgage, which he did, by great industry and toil, in three years.

For the Companion.

LADY LILY.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

A Model.—Chap. V.

"She's not a common tramp, Henley," I heard the woman say, after a few low-spoken words together. "I think there can be no danger."

"Very well. Your impulses are generally correct. Perhaps you had better ask her, then."

The lady turned her sweet, motherly face towards me. I, a little fearful and trembling, had taken my violin and my bag, in order to start.

"What is your name, my child?" she asked.

"My name is Lily Fabri," I made reply.

"Italian,—I thought so," responded the gentleman. After a few more questions, she took my hand and asked me to go with her. So I went up the lovely lawn-path to the beautiful house, almost as if I were going into heaven.

I can never forget the room into which I was ushered,—the sunny carpet, the soft, white rugs, the bright furniture, the open piano, the bay-window, filled with hanging baskets, flowers and birds, the music in racks, the books on the hanging shelves, the glorious pictures, in which the Eden of the outer world was duplicated, and where color seemed to stream over me and flow into me through every glad perceptive faculty,—the white, gleaming statuettes, the light, clear tints of the paper.

"My husband has taken a fancy to your face, little one. He is a painter, and has been looking for a model. If you will sit to him for awhile, he will pay you, and perhaps we can find something for you to do."

"I'm *sure* papa would say yes," was my involuntary answer, and I seemed to see his smile of approval.

"Then you must have some breakfast, and you may leave your things here."

She led me into a tiny room, as bright as sunshine and flowers could make it,—her own sewing-room, I found out afterwards,—on whose walls birds, bees and butterflies, seemed ever winging their way in airy circles. Once more I was led into another apartment, covered with beautiful frescoes on every hand, where a smiling girl—everything was pretty about this home, and so was she,—gave me my breakfast.

"I think I'll go to work on that picture immediately, my dear, so send her right in," I heard the master of the house say, as he passed the door with his wife.

"I don't believe you'll need change your clothes at all," said Mrs. Henley. "He is going to paint you in a street scene. You never heard of Rachel, perhaps, and that when she was a child of your age, singing in the streets, some one, surprised at the power of her voice, offered to educate her. That is what he is painting, and it is going to be a grand picture, I expect. Here is the studio."

We ascended a winding staircase, lighted by windows far above our heads. Everything about us was bright, fanciful, fairy-like, and steeped in sunshine. The sunlight came down to us, full of warm, rich tints, into the most beautiful place I had seen yet, the painter's paradise.

The first thing I noticed was a little lap-dog, lying, like a handful of pale, curled rose-leaves, or lily-petals, on a white and crimson rug.

On easels, standing against the walls, on brackets, tables and pedestals, were pictures everywhere, pictures saturated in the soft amber tints that predominated.

My sense of the exquisite, of the artistic, was taken captive. I felt as if I had wandered into some enchanted castle, and that I never wished to leave it again.

For two hours, I stood to be painted, resting at intervals, and falling naturally into the positions that he wished, at least, so the painter told

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me. Sometimes I studied his face, in which I tried to find a resemblance to my father; sometimes I fell to studying the pictures, going into silent raptures over saintly faces,—cherubs and angels,—or gazing, with a delight, impossible to be put into words, at home and family scenes, beautiful motherhood, happy and radiant children. Could this but be my home, I should never be sorrowful again, never.

"There, child, that will do for you to-day. You can go and play, or perhaps make yourself useful to my wife."

I hurried down stairs, my head full of brilliant images. Mrs. Henley met me, a lovely baby in her arms.

"Well, how do you like it?" she asked.

"Above everything," I said, fervently. "It is almost like home again," and then the old shadow came, and I burst into tears.

"Come, come, you must tell me all about it," she said, cheerfully, and laid her little one in its cradle. "Fancy now that I am some one you have known for years, and you will not be afraid."

"No, I am not in the least afraid," I sobbed, "only I thought of them all, you know. I mean papa and mamma, and our pretty house. Now I am so lonesome!"

"Tell me, what was your papa like?"

"Oh, he was the handsomest man you ever saw!" I said, fervently. "Even when he was so ill, and kept only a mean little stall, his cheeks were red, and his eyes clear and bright. I tried to take him, but I never could get it quite so nice."

"Tried to take him! What do you mean, child?" she asked.

"I mean—on paper, you know—with my pencil and my paints. Shall I show it to you? I've got it in my bag."

"Certainly, I should like to see it," she said, with a curious expression.

I brought my little flat box that held all my treasures for her inspection. So delighted was I at sight of them, such a sense of rest and security came over me, that I did not see her amazed, almost frightened look, till after I had spread them out for her inspection.

"You wonderful little being!" were the first words that greeted me. "Why, do you know that you're a genius? Did you draw these birds and flowers? Did you really paint that likeness? Henley, come here," she added, as a step approached the door. "Do you know we have taken in an angel unawares? Look at this."

"Very astonishing,—considering," was his verdict, and I stood there blushing and trembling. "You have seen better days, then, my poor child. Who taught you?"

"Mamma drew pretty pictures, and I used to watch her. She said she would teach me,—but she died. Since then I have—have done these things by myself—because—because I couldn't help it."

"Truly, because you couldn't help it," said the artist, and exchanged glances with his wife.

That evening, I told her all my story; but when I came to the point where I saw my father in the graveyard, she was incredulous at once.

"It was not your father, my dear; it could not be; that was simply impossible."

"But who was it? It was my father's face, his figure, his very dress."

"No, no; in your excited state, you probably imagined all that. It was some tramp, who had been sleeping, and a merciful providence it was that he did not rob you of everything you possessed. And if I were you, I would never tell the story to strangers. They might take advantage of it. There are people who profess to get their living by seeing such things, and they are generally untruthful and designing. Besides, we can't come back in that manner, when once we have bidden adieu to this mortal life. You don't think your papa would come down from heaven in the old clothes he left behind him, do you?"

The idea was so absurd that it made me smile.

"I wish I could keep you," she went on, in a lower voice, "but I don't know"—

"Couldn't I help you? Couldn't I earn my living? Please try me. I love little children dearly."

There were two little ones in the family besides the baby, charming, well-bred children.

"I can't turn you off, whatever comes," she said, half to herself, and then to me,—

"We will see what can be done about it. I have several friends, rich and childless. I don't think it would be a hardship to interest them in you."

From that time, I was at home. Mr. Henley made several studies, as he called them, of me. Sometimes I was dressed in costume,—in fine velvet, trimmed with gold, in old-fashioned brocades, and one dress, in which I held a splendid jewelled fan, and was covered almost from head to foot in a spangled veil, was my special delight. One foot forward, I was just stepping out from under the massive portal of an old Spanish cathedral, with my rosary in my hand. That picture I have seen many times since, for it is my very own now.

My brief stay among the gypsies, as time wore on, seemed like a dream of woods, summer airs and vagabonds. A sense of shame, or something akin to it, had kept me silent concerning my stay among them.

The chief actors in the scene were sometimes brought to mind, however, by the casual sight of a swarthy-looking fellow, called Joseph, who had been engaged as coachman since I had come into the family. I fancied I had seen him before, and knew from his manner that he had seen me; but we did not often meet, and when we did, from some instinct, I avoided him.

One afternoon, my kind friends were driven away for a short visit to a neighbor's, taking the children and their nurse. The housekeeper was sick up stairs, and the girl who was the maid of all work came to me, not long after, begging that she might go and see her sister, who was home from her place in the city for a day.

Very thoughtlessly, I promised that, if she would not stay more than an hour, she might go, and soon I was left alone. Then, for the first time, I became conscious of my unprotected situation, with no one beside me in the house but a sick woman, unable to help herself or me.

But, busy with my pencil and paints, I soon forgot the temporary discomfort, after locking the doors of Mrs. Henley's dressing-room and Mr. Henley's studio, and concealing the keys.

Presently, Joseph came back, and nodded to me as I sat at the window. He drove right to the stables, and was gone perhaps twenty minutes.

Hearing a step on the veranda, I looked up, and there was Joseph, leaning upon the window-sill and looking in. I rose in a hurry, and asked him what he wanted.

"Nothing," he said, with a queer look, and then began to compliment me.

"I don't wonder master likes to paint you," he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"'Cause you're mighty sweet looking, anyhow."

Anger and self-respect were both in arms. The blood literally flew to my face. What would my father have said or done at this shameless familiarity?

"You've no right to talk to me like that. If I were not alone," I foolishly added, "you would not dare! Leave that place, this moment, or I will tell Mr. Henley."

"So you're alone, are you, my little lady? Then I don't mind coming in," and he actually jumped through the window. For a moment, terror overpowered me, but only for a moment. It was succeeded by a feeling that I was not alone, that all I had to do was to put my trust in God, and I should be carried through this trial in safety. Yet there was the miserable fact, this fellow had dared to say what, to me, coming from him, was the keenest insult. I turned and faced him.

"I'm going up to master's room to see the pictures," he said, deliberately walking to the door that led into the hall.

"You can't get in there," I made reply.

"What, did he lock them?"

"Do you think he would leave the house without?" I asked, evasively.

"Yes, I know he would. I have heard him call himself the most careless man alive. Besides," and his eye brightened, "he'd never have asked me to go there if he'd left it locked."

I felt that this was a falsehood. "It *is* locked, and you can't get in," I made reply.

"Then you locked it."

I could say nothing.

"And you know where the keys are?"

Still I was silent. I dared not say no.

"And you won't tell me where they are?" He advanced, threateningly. I sprang to the window, but he was there before me. I was in his clutches. He forced me back into a seat.

"Now tell me, or I'll kill you!"

The room grew dark; my head began to swim. I could not speak if I would, nor did the impulse rise to do it.

"I know you," he went on. "You were up in the gypsy camp, and after they had been kind to you and fed you, you ran away, you little coward! And I'll tell master that you are only a black little gypsy brat, and if anything is missing, you stole it. Do you hear?" and he shook me till my teeth chattered. "Now, will you tell me where the keys are?"

The face before me grew and grew till it looked like the face of a giant which my father had told me about. There was a terrible dread at my heart, but, at the same time, a determination strong as death that he should never rob my benefactress through any help of mine. The two keys were fastened together, and that of Mrs. Henley's dressing-room locked in the whole *suite*, on the upper story.

"You won't speak, eh? Very well, I'll look through the lower rooms first," and then, deliberately taking a long cord from his pocket, he tied my hands and feet together, and finished by binding me to the chair, by passing the cord round my neck, so that I could not move without perilling my life.

My only hope was that somebody would come that way. I did not think he would dare to kill me, but I remember reasoning that if they found me tied, they could see that I had lent no hand to the robbery.

After that, everything was a blank till I heard indistinct noises, and seemed to see lights flashing before my eyes.

For the Companion.

WOULDN'T DISTURB THE BABY.

A TRUE STORY.

"Now, bubby, hold still, and have your face washed and your hair all combed, and when baby wakes up, we'll go and see papa."

Bubby held as still as he could in that view of the case, and his toilet was soon made. Then his mother made hers; not a very long or intricate job; and when the baby in the cradle woke from his nap, they were ready to start. Mrs. Smith locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and they set forth on their three-mile walk.

All this occurred on a lovely Saturday afternoon in June, more than twenty-five years ago, among the pine forests of New Hampshire. Mr. Smith, the husband and father of the family, was at work by the month at another settlement, which was only three miles distant if you went across through the woods, but more than twice that distance around by the travelled road.

He usually came home on Saturday night, and spent the Sabbath with his family, but at this time, Mrs. Smith thought it would be an agreeable change to take the children and go over to spend the Sabbath with him, as the people where he worked were old friends and neighbors. She supposed that she knew the way through the woods perfectly well, as she had passed through them the year before; but she did not consider how a year's growth of trees and bushes will change the appearance of rural paths.

They took their walk very leisurely, for baby was heavy, even for her mother's stout arms, and the child's short legs needed frequent rests. Sitting down so often, and pointing out the birds, and squirrels, and other objects, to amuse the children, it was not strange that Mrs. Smith was sometimes confused, and took a wrong direction when she rose up. There was hardly a visible path, anyhow.

But she did not come out into the clearing as she expected. She took this way and that way, but without success, and by sunset, she found that she was surely lost in the woods.

Like a sensible woman, however, she made up her mind not to wander vainly among the trees in the darkness, but to shelter herself and children as well as she could for the night. She found a big mossy log, on which she could sit. Using this, she leaned against a young pine, whose overhanging branches made quite a shelter for them all.

Bubby was tired, and cried incessantly for "milk," and for "supper," and to "see papa;" but his mother quieted him with two doughnuts which she had fortunately put in her pocket, and also gave him water from a brook in a large folded leaf. Then she wrapped him in her apron, and coaxed him to lay his head in her lap and go to sleep, so that when he awoke, they might go and find papa.

She was too anxious to be either hungry, or tired, or sleepy herself, but she was bent on caring for her little ones. Baby seemed to miss her cradle, and, for a while, she would not be comforted, but at last she too dropped to sleep, and the poor mother was left to watch alone.

Just at dusk, Mr. Smith came home to find the cottage locked and silent.

"Haven't you seen your wife?" called out a neighbor over the way. "She took the children and started, about two o'clock, to go over and see you."

"Then they're lost in the woods!" was his startled reply; and, directly, the possibility had set the little settlement in a blaze of excitement.

Mr. Smith and a half-dozen other men went hastily back through the woods, hallooing as they went. A large company also crowded into a big wagon, and were drawn around by the road. The two parties reached the place where Mr. Smith worked about the same time, but, as we know, Mrs. Smith was not there.

Then the men were seriously alarmed, and the search began in earnest. They tramped through and through the woods in all directions the whole night long, with torches, and guns, and dogs, and no end of hallooing, kindling fires here and there, that perhaps the lost woman might find one, and be glad of its warmth in the cool, damp night.

Just at daybreak, Sunday morning, a messenger came into the village of W. with the news, "Woman and children lost in the big woods!"

It roused, with earnest sympathy, all the men and boys, and off they went in loads, on horseback and on foot. I was visiting friends at the town at that time, and remember seeing one crowded stage-load as it started out in the early gray morning.

But they did not go far!

Just at daylight, a company of the men stood around one of their fires, discussing plans and probabilities for the further prosecution of the search, when who should walk into their midst but Mrs. Smith, carrying the wide-awake baby, that looked none the worse for its night's exposure, and leading bubby, who looked rather cross at being wakened so early, but too bashful to cry before so many strangers.

"Where upon earth did you come from?" asked the men.

"I stayed all night on a big log over yender, amongst them young pines."

"Slept sound, it must be." "Didn't you hear us hallooing and firing guns?" "Didn't you see any of the fires?" "Didn't you know we were lookin' arter ye?"

"La, yes. I could see the light from this very fire, and if it hadn't been for the children, I should a-tried to come here, but I couldn't with them. And I heard you hollerin' and shootin'. Some of ye come within a few rods of me, time and agin."

"Why under the sun didn't you answer back and let us know you was there?"

"Wal, I should, but I didn't want to wake the baby. I had a master hard time getting her to sleep, anyhow, and I hated to make a noise and disturb her."

I'm afraid those men did not use proper words in their comments upon Mrs. Smith's conduct, and so it isn't necessary that I should chronicle that part of the experiences of that good woman on that eventful morning.

M. C. W. B.

For the Companion.

TOM CORTLAND'S GOLD WATCH,

And how He came by It.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

"Halloo, Tom! You don't say! Gold watch?"

Tom nodded as he returned the treasure to his pocket.

"Real gold?" said the boys.

"Real gold," replied Tom, coolly. "Hunter case, full-jewelled, stem-winder. Anything else you want to know?"

"Let's look at it!" "Pass it around!" "Oh, what a beauty!" clamored the boys, as Tom displayed the wonder.

"But isn't it a rather extravagant thing for a young man like you to carry?" said James Aiken, the oldest and gravest among them.

"Maybe 'tis," Tom answered, dryly; "but I don't object to it. Wouldn't you like to set your old town clock by it, and have the correct time out here in the rural districts for once? I'll accommodate ye to a second."

Tom had run out for a holiday visit to his native village, and he took a boyish pleasure in thus mystifying his old schoolmates. But there was nothing vain or stuck-up about Tom Cortland, and having shown them how the stem-winder worked—winding up their curiosity at the same time to the highest pitch—he went on to answer the important question, "How did you come by it?"

Now I don't suppose I shall be able to give Tom's exact words. But his manner of telling the story—which, I may as well say at the start, is not one of my own making up—was something like this:

"How did I come by it? Well, that *is* an interesting point, when you see a valuable timepiece in the pocket of a poor boy you've kept track of all your lives. You know I hadn't any money when I went up to town two years ago and got a place in old Peter Wagstaff's trunk shop. I hardly got wages enough the first year to pay my board.

"I've carried more this year. At the same time, I've sent home regularly a dollar a week to my mother.

"Now I couldn't very well have bought that watch out of my wages, could I? And it isn't a borrowed one; for there you see my name engraved in the case; and I'm not a thief or a swindler, not if I know myself, and I rather think I do in that respect.

"What's curious about it, for a long time it had been my ambition to own just such a watch as this, particularly after Rudolphe Rupey made his appearance at our boarding-house. He was got up to kill; short black curls all over his head, stylish dress, four or five clean shirts a week (though I found out afterwards he didn't pay his washerwoman), stunning breastpin, diamond ring, and gold watch and chain.

"He took the shine from the rest of us, young Rupey did, and made me wish I was a clerk in a jewelry store, as he was, instead of a miserable trunkmaker's apprentice. The girls wouldn't so much as look at one of the rest of us when he was around.

"'O my!' said I, 'if I could only haul out a gold hunters' case when they ask the time, and give it to the half-second, as he pretends to!' You see, I was a trifle foolish. I know a little more now; so do the girls.

"I was wise enough to stick to my business though, and day after day you might have seen me hammering at the old trunks. The new trunks, I mean, but they were old to me; there was a wonderful sameness about them.

"Well, one day a man came into the store with an order for something besides trunks. I pricked up my ears, and found he was an 'Henglishman,' who

dropped his 'haitches,' and then picked 'em up and 'ooked 'em on to the 'ends of the wrong words. I saw that he was a tall, well-built, well-dressed man, but with a sort of cheap look about him under all his good clothes and politeness.

"You know what I mean. There are some men who can't be gentlemen, if they try. Wash them up, brush them up, dress them up, put on the shine and the perfume—goodness, what a whiff when he pulled out his handkerchief!—and still there'll be something coarse about them. The refinement shows that it's only varnish; it isn't in the grain. I declared that Rudolphe was very much that kind of character; but the girls only laughed at me, and said I was jealous.

"The 'Henglishman' had a singular order. It was for three boxes, and he had the exact descriptions of them all marked and written out.

"'They must be heighteen hinch boxes, you see,' said he, 'houtside measure; ten hinches deep, stout 'inges, hiron bands, hinch and a 'alf wide, then these brass corner caps'—he took out the trimmings from his pocket—'on hevery corner; then these 'asps and stout little padlocks, and these 'andles on the hends. Heverything must be made hexact, or I don't want the goods.'

"Old Mr. Wagstaff, a bald-headed little old man, almost all forehead, spectacles and apron, winked and blinked as he looked at the figures, and finally said he thought he could make the boxes.

"'When soon?' says the Englishman. 'I must 'ave 'em in four days, or they'll be no use.'

"'I might get the boxes made in that time,' says the old man; 'but if they're to be painted, how about that?'

"'O yes!' says the Englishman; 'the painting is very himportant. They're to be painted black—not a shiny black, but a dull, dead black, hall but the brass corner-caps, 'andles and padlocks. Hany kind of 'alf-hinch 'ard wood will hanswer.'

"'And the insides—how are the insides to be finished?' said Mr. Wagstaff.

"'The hinsides?' said the Englishman, as if he hadn't considered that part of his boxes before, which I thought singular, since he was so particular about them. 'Oh, just as comes 'andy!' says he. 'Rough or plain—I don't care 'ow.'

"'Well,' says Mr. Wagstaff, 'I think I can fill the order in every particular except the painting; they will want two good coats, and I won't promise paint will be hard in four days from now. Besides, to-day is Wednesday—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday,' says he, counting the days on his fingers.

"'Can't yo have 'em ready for delivery Sunday hafternoon?' said the Englishman.

"You should have seen old Mr. Wagstaff stare! If the chap had asked him to take hold of the straps of his boots and jump over the moon, he couldn't have been more astonished. I forgot to tell ye he's a deacon. In a matter of life and death, I don't know but he might be induced to open his shop and do business on Sunday; but nothing short of that would bring him to it.

"It was finally agreed that the boxes should be ready for delivery Monday morning, and the old man figured on the cost. He thought they could be made for twenty dollars.

"'Hall right,' says the Englishman. 'I'll be hin during the week and see 'ow yon're getting hon with 'em. By the way,' said he, 'can't ye manage to 'ave 'em kept out of sight? You see, this is a patent thing I'm hinventing, and it's himportant nobody should get 'old of the hidea.'

"Mr. Wagstaff agreed to have the work done privately in the back room. At that the fellow gave him a resounding slap on the shoulder, and cried out,—

"'Hold boy, you're a brick! Now come round the corner with me and wet your w'istle, won't ye?'

"I had to laugh then. I don't believe the deacon took a good breath, or winked his eyes, or shut his mouth for half a minute; but there he just stood and gasped.

"'Oh, you don't drink!' said the fellow. 'Well, no offence.' And the Englishman went away.

"'That man's a rogue,' said I, 'and his patent is just a patent swindle, I'll bet a million dollars!'

"'Thomas,' said the old man, 'don't make foolish and extravagant remarks of that kind; and don't be so quick to judge people.'

"So I held my tongue about the rascal after that, though I didn't change my mind.

"He came every day to see how the boxes were getting along, and when they were about ready for painting, he brought in a sheet of paper with some curious drawings on it.

"'On one of the boxes,' said he, 'I want a w'ite circle painted, just the size of this 'un, the centre of it to come just 'ere;' and he put his finger on the front of the box, below the place for the padlock. 'On the second box I want two w'ite circles, a ring within a ring, like this. On the third box I want two just such rings, and then a still smaller one like this hinside the hinside one. Then, when you get through and the paint is 'ard, I want you to tumble the boxes around a little, to take off the new look—a few dents and scratches, you know—then brush 'em, and have heverything bang-up, tip-top, shipshape, when I call for 'em Monday morning.'

"After that the chap surprised me very much by paying to old Wagstaff his twenty dollars, and went off again.

"Well, the cases were finished and had the last coat of paint on by Saturday evening, with the brass corner-caps and white circles, all exactly according to order, and I waited with a good deal of curiosity to see what would happen when the fellow came to take them away on Monday. In the meanwhile, something unexpected happened on Sunday.

"As I was passing a beer-shop on one of the by-streets, I saw my Henglishman with the dislocated haitches walk into it. Now I had such a strong suspicion that he was a scamp, and that I was somehow aiding him in his villany by working on those three black cases, that, after I had walked on a piece, I turned squarely about, pulled my hat over my eyes, put on a swaggering air and walked into the beer-shop. I went up to the bar, leaned my arms on the counter and said,—

"'Do you know of a young fellow here of the name of Smithson?'

"'No, I don't,' said the barkeeper; 'but you can look around and see.'

"There were a good many people in the saloon, some sitting at little tables in the back part, beyond the bar, where they had their pipes and glasses, and there I discovered not only my Henglishman, but another chap I was a good deal more surprised to see. It was our boarding-house jeweller's clerk, Rudolphe Rupey.

"The Englishman was sitting at the same table with him, and they were talking together. I saw enough in half a minute to satisfy my mind on one or two points. Then I left the shop.

"What I had seen in the saloon excited me a good deal. I wondered if Watson Brothers, the jewellers, knew that Rupey frequented such places and kept such company. If he had slept in the store, or had had the keys to it, I should certainly have expected to hear of a burglary taking place there within eight-and-forty hours, and I could imagine him and the Englishman using the boxes I had helped make to carry off their plunder. But I knew that Rupey was seldom or never there alone. When he came to tea that evening, however, looking as innocent as a lamb, I began to think my suspicions, as far as he was concerned, were all wrong.

"The next morning the Englishman came for his boxes. He examined them carefully, and then had them done up in brown paper wrappers, and took them away in a carriage. I wafted a sigh after him, for I fancied I was never to see him and the three black cases again. A fellow hates to leave a mystery unsolved, you know.

"I started to go home to dinner at the usual hour, and for some reason—I never could tell just why—went a whole block out of my way to pass by Watson Brothers' jewelry store. It sometimes seems as if we were made to do things by some power outside of our own minds, or so deep in our minds that we are not conscious of it. Such a power seemed to impel me to go that way. It certainly wasn't to see Rupey and to walk home with him, for we were not on such good terms as that.

"Well, just before I got to the store, I saw a hack stop in front of it, and the driver jump down and open his coach door. Then you can imagine, or, rather, you can't imagine, my perfect bewilderment when I saw a gentleman come out of the store with a carpet-bag in his left hand, and what seemed to be one of the boxes we had just made under his right arm! It was the box that had the single white circle on it.

"After him came old Mr. Watson himself, bare-headed, carrying the other two boxes, one by the handles, and the other on top of that. I had a glimpse of the two and three white circles as he passed them to the gentleman in the hack.

"Then suddenly an idea struck me that set my head whirling the other way, and that was that those were not my boxes at all. You know the effect when you've turned one way till you're dizzy then you turn the other? You somehow unwind your tangle. My head was clear again in a second, and stepping up to Rupey, who was standing just inside the store, I said, carelessly,—

"'Is that man in the hack one of your firm?'

"'Not exactly,' says he. 'That's Mr. Rinkton, our travelling agent.'

"'Shouldn't wonder,' says I, 'if he's got something nice in those boxes.'

"'A trifle,' says he; 'perhaps ten or twenty thousand dollars in watches and jewelry. He has carried fifty thousand dollars' worth in those same boxes before now.'

"Of course that confirmed my suspicion about their being old boxes, and not the new ones we had just made.

"'I should think he would be afraid to travel with so much property!' I said.

"'What should he be afraid of?' said Rupey, cool as an iced cucumber.

"'Robbers—railroad accidents,' I said.

"'Oh, he has his eyes peeled!' said he. 'Soon as he gets to the station, he has those boxes locked up in the safe in the express-car, and he don't see 'em again till he gets to Chicago. The express agent receipts for 'em, and then the company is liable.'

"While Rupey was talking, I put this and that together, and it came over me like a flash that I must hurry to the station and tell Mr. Rinkton, for he had already rattled away in the hack, that there was a design—I felt sure of it, though of course I couldn't explain it—to rob him of those boxes of jewelry.

"'Going to dinner?' said Rupey. 'Wait a minute, and I'll walk along with you.'

"'I can't wait,' I said; 'I've an errand to do, and I've stopped too long already.'

"As soon as I was out of his sight I began to run. It was then twelve o'clock. The Western express train starts at half-past. It was a mile to the depot. I think I never made a mile in less time in my life. I got to the station all out of breath. I looked through the passenger rooms, at the ticket office, at the crowd going to the cars, but no Rinkton. I tried to get through the passenger gate, but the guard stopped me. I had no ticket, and had to turn back. Then I ran round to the freight gate. I was in luck. There stood Mr. Rinkton, evidently waiting to speak to the express agent, and there, resting on a hand-truck beside him with other packages, were his three black cases, set one on top of the other.

"Now we're curious made up creatures, and the man that can understand and explain all his own actions is wiser than I am. Eager as I had been to see Mr. Rinkton, I was put all a-back when I found him. I didn't know what I was to say to him, after all. Suppose I had rushed up to him and said,—

"'You'd better look out for those boxes; there'll be an attempt to rob you of 'em between here and Chicago. I'm sure of it!'

"The very least I could have expected would have been the polite information that he could attend to his own business, and the wholesome advice that I'd better go about mine. So I stopped, got behind one of the great pillars of the depot, and waited to think what I should do.

"There I was, getting my breath and my thoughts when another figure attracted my attention. It was my Englishman with the distracted haitches. He evidently wanted to speak to the express-agent, who was just then attending to putting some things in the express-car. My man had some sort of heavy bundle in his arms, covered with a piece of burlap. He came and rested it on the hand-truck, quite near Mr. Rinkton and his boxes.

"'Now,' I said to myself, 'I'll see what his little game is. I won't take my eye off from him for a second.'

"I had scarcely made this resolution, when my eye was drawn off in spite of me. One of those things happened which make everybody look in one direction for a moment, no matter what they are interested in. It was a sudden quarrel that broke out between two men close by. They were shouting, and had each other by the throat, and there was a mob rushing towards them. By the time a policeman reached the spot, the row was over, and the two men were gone.

"When I looked again at my Englishman. There he stood, with his bundle covered with burlap beside him on the truck. Only I noticed that, while it had been at the left hand of Mr. Rinkton's boxes before, now it was at the right hand. It seemed as if, in starting forward to look at the men fighting, he had jostled against Mr. Rinkton, and he was now asking his pardon. Then, as if tired of waiting there for the express-agent, he took up his bundle covered with burlap, and started to walk towards the baggage-room.

"It came to me, all at once, what he had done. I rushed up to Mr. Rinkton. I suppose I acted like an idiot. He looked as if he thought so, any way.

"'That man has robbed you!' I said.

"'Robbed me? of what?' he asked, quite deliberately feeling his pockets.

"'Of your cases of jewelry!' I said.

"'Here are my cases, if you mean these,' he said.

"'He has changed them,' I said. 'He took yours; he left these.'

"'Impossible!' said he, looking at the boxes. 'You're crazy, my lad. I haven't had my eye off these cases for an instant.'

"'Yes, you have,' I said, 'when the fight took place. It was got up on purpose. That coarse brown cloth was over these boxes,—he threw it over yours and walked off with them.'

"Rinkton began to be alarmed. 'Did you see him do it?' he asked.

"'I saw part of the movement, and I saw that his pile and yours had changed places in a second. It was just as slight-of-hand fellows do when they play a trick; they manage to call off everybody's attention for a moment. Shall I keep him in sight?'

"'Yes!' says Rinkton, by this time pretty thoroughly frightened. And he called the policeman, while I ran out of the depot.

"I was just in time to see my Henglishman getting into a coach with his bundle covered with burlap. In three seconds he would have been gone. I slipped round to the driver just as he was mounting to his seat.

"'Wait a moment,' I said, 'and you'll be well paid for it.'

"'Go a'ead! w'y don't ye?' roared the Henglishman, putting his head out of the coach.

"I beckoned to Mr. Rinkton, as he just then came out with the policeman. The officer apologized for detaining the rogue, but said he must see what was under that bit of burlap. So saying, he reached in and twitched it off.

"You never saw a more astonished man than Mr. Rinkton. He had hardly believed my story. He had just left his cases in charge of an expressman, and here they were again!

"The Henglishman took the matter coolly, considering the circumstances, and offered to prove by me that the cases were his. I replied that I had helped make similar cases for him; but that I didn't think these were the ones. Then he offered to leave the cases in the hands of the police until he could bring proof that they belonged to him; but the officer said he must detain him too; and he was well able to do that, for now another policeman had come up.

"'Allow me to settle this question on the spot,' said Mr. Rinkton; and, selecting one from a bunch of keys, he inserted it into the padlock of one of the cases. The lock opened easily. He lifted the cover, and there was the box packed full of jewelry, just as he himself had packed it.

"When the imitation cases were afterwards opened by the police, they were found packed with pebble-stones and old newspapers. And that was the precious freight Mr. Rinkton would have gone on to Chicago with if it hadn't been for me.

"The Englishman was tried for the robbery at the last term of the court, and sent to prison for ten years. One of his supposed confederates who got up the row was also arrested, but nothing was proved against him. He was wanted, however, for a burglary he had committed in Philadelphia some time before; for he was recognized as an old rogue.

"Nothing could be proved against Rupey, either, though it was almost certain that he was another confederate, and that the Englishman had got his information from him with regard to the jewelry-cases. He disappeared suddenly, with his short black curls, gold watch and diamonds, and the girls of our boarding-house sigh for him in vain.

"Meanwhile, as I was at work one day in the trunk-shop, a neat little box came in, addressed to me: *'With compliments of Watson Brothers.'* I opened it with some eagerness, you may believe, and danced for joy on that old floor when I found what the box contained.

"Boys, it was this watch, marked with my name, as you see. Now you know how I came by it."

For the Companion.

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACES, PAST AND PRESENT.

It is a curious thing to see a whole country so astir about an event which has nothing to do with money or politics, as is all England, every year, about the University Boat Race. In our own country there is scarcely more excitement over an election than prevails in England concerning the race. Of course our election excitements are long-continued, and this boat-race madness is at its height but for a day, so far as the general public is concerned.

But what a day it is, that day! All England is either Oxford or Cambridge. Every lady wears either the dark blue of Oxford, or the light blue of Cambridge. The dogs wear ribbons, representing the sentiments of their owners; and the very donkeys of the costermongers are actually tricked out in the rival colors.

The first University Boat Race took place forty-eight years ago, in the tenth year of the reign of King George IV. It was Cambridge who gave the first challenge.

At a meeting of the Cambridge University Boat Club, Mr. Snow, of St. John's College, Cambridge, was requested to write to Mr. Staniforth, of Christ Church, Oxford, and propose a University Rowing Match for the ensuing Easter vacation, near London. This challenge was accepted, and the papers of that old time give glowing accounts of this first race.

We are told of the faultless splendor of the June day; the intense excitement among the students and their friends; the grave and reverend seniors who turned out to view this novel performance.

The race took place in the late afternoon. Cambridge having given the challenge, there was a general impression that she was sure to win. Oxford expected defeat, and all the betting was against her; but she determined to do her best.

It is not in the English nature to give up beaten in advance, and, after all, Oxford won.

The row was on the Thames, from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge, a distance of two and a quarter miles. I suppose wilder shouts were never heard than those which rose in Henley Valley when Oxford was declared the winner. There is a tradition that Oxford is lucky, as well as plucky, and yet, after all, in the thirty-four races between the two Universities, Oxford leads by only one, the race of 1877, just passed, having been a tie, or, as they say here, a "dead heat."

There was an interval of seven years between the first race and the second, but in the second contest, in 1836, Cambridge was the winner. So she was in 1839, 1840 and 1841. The first race over the present course, from Putney to Mortlake, a distance of four miles, took place in 1845, and Cambridge won it by thirty seconds.

It is a fine sight to see the two long, slender boats, each with its eight picked men. They are often the flower of their Universities for scholarship, as well as for muscular force and skill. They can make Greek verses as easily as they can feather their oars. Some of them might have served as models for the old sculptors, superb athletes that they are.

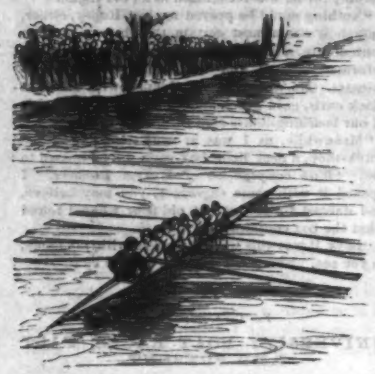
They have been for weeks in training, submitting themselves to the most irksome restraints, and undergoing patiently the most wearisome labors, since struggle and sacrifice must be always the price of success. Their "Coach" has driven them to the height of their powers more remorselessly than ever slave-driver spurred on his laborers; he has drilled them, as they rowed, from his luxurious steam-launch, shouted at them from the back of his own easy-going nag, as they took their morning run over Barnes' Common to improve their wind.

No weakling must enter on this contest. He must be strong of heart and stout of limb who would bear the killing strain of that terrible four miles on race day. He must be sure not alone of his energy, but of his "staying-power;" for there will be no second's let-up to take breath from the time that the cry of "Go!" makes sixteen oars drop as one oar into the stream till the welcome pistol-shot is fired at Mortlake.

But if a fellow is strong enough to endure this training, to survive this long and hard strain, he will be the better for it all his life. He will have learned to deny himself, to work hard and fare simply; he will have found that labor and success are worth more than inglorious ease.

The race of this year was especially exciting, since, in the long list of races, Oxford led by only

one. Should she score another, it would be, she felt, to put her adversary a long way behind. Cambridge was equally anxious. Should she win, the record would be even, and then the light blue forever!



The race took place at an unusually early hour. It was in the grey of the morning that three American ladies of us might have been seen (as the old-fashioned novelists used to say) making our way in our own hired brougham to Mortlake; for we preferred to see the end of the race rather than the beginning.

Everybody else was astir, too. There was something keen and sweet in the taste of the morning air. All our senses were quickened, sleepiness passed away, and expectation grew alike in us. We paid nearly three dollars apiece for our seats on the grand stand when we reached Mortlake, but we were in time to establish ourselves in the front row, and so we were well satisfied.

The time we sat there and waited seemed long, in spite of the diversions going on in the towpath below us. Two or three Ethiopians tried to be as funny as they could, and succeeded in provoking much laughter and not a few pennies from the crowd. I was more interested, however, in watching the spectators of the race.

Many fine equipages made their appearance. One saw young England at its best. There were such pretty girls, wearing, no doubt, the colors of their brothers or cousins; there were handsome young fellows, with rosettes of light blue or dark blue at their button-holes. One merry girl took out two pocket-handkerchiefs, one edged inch-deep with the dark blue of Oxford, and the other similarly bordered with the light blue of Cambridge.

"You see I'm ready to cheer the winner," she said, laughing.

There were various yachts, and barges, and steam launches on the river, each gay with one shade of blue or the other. The press steamer and the umpire's steamer were the only ones where no token of preference was displayed. The press steamer was crowded with journalists and reporters, not a few of them University men, and as anxious, each one, for the success of his Alma Mater as any other of the University enthusiasts; but the press claims to be impartial, so from its boat not so much as a blue feather fluttered on the wind. Of course the umpire's boat must maintain its rigid impartiality, also; but these two were the exceptions to all the rest.

When the hour appointed for the start came, and there seemed still to be a little more delay, the excitement became intense. When the word was given to start at Putney, the boats fairly leaped, so they say, Oxford taking the lead for the first two strokes, but Cambridge instantly coming up even.

There could hardly be a finer sight than these two crews of picked men, in their graceful boats, each straining every muscle to win in this honorable contest. One moment Oxford would be a foot ahead, the next, with a sudden spurt, Cambridge would gain slightly; but the race was so even that the excitement among the spectators was absolutely breathless. Oxford passed under Barnes' Bridge almost a length ahead, but soon afterward a man in the Oxford boat broke his rowlock, though he was still able to row.

Of course the Oxonians claim that this decided the fate of the day. To me it appeared that Cambridge was ahead when they reached their goal; but of course I was wrong. An enthusiastic Oxonian waved his dark-blue handkerchief, and for a moment there was a wild cry that Oxford had won, which the telegraph wires flashed all over England.

I saw my pretty girl put her light-bordered handkerchief in her pocket, and wave her dark one triumphantly; but a moment after came the judge's decision that the boats had been exactly even, and it was a "dead-heat." Out came the light-bordered handkerchief again, and the last glimpse I had of my English girl, she was showing her general kindness of heart by waving one in each hand.

It had been fine to see, as well as an occasion of intense excitement, this race of 1877. They say it was the most even ever put on record between the two Universities. They do not strive for money or a "cup," these gallant young Englishmen, nor has even a desire for personal distinction much to do with it. It is for the love of manly sport, and for the honor of their Universities. It is a contest of gentlemen with gentlemen, and it will always be of interest to whoever cares for pluck, and courage, and fair play. After all, those most eager for victory were, no doubt, the mothers and sisters of the combatants. It was easy enough to see, in the fair, watching faces, where were their sympathies. For my own part, I steadfastly longed for the triumph of Cambridge, because I wanted to see the Universities start even again next year; but still the dark blue leads.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE NEW YORK CANALS.

The New York Legislature, at its late session, passed a law that three of the canals owned by the State should be abandoned, and that another should be sold. The extent of canal which will thus be disposed of is about two hundred miles, and the State will then own about six hundred and fifty miles. Of this amount, three hundred and fifty miles constitute the Erie Canal, and the other three hundred are branches.

The reason for getting rid of these "lateral" canals, as they are called, is that they are costly, and a burden on the State treasury. The business done on them is very small, and the tolls do not pay the cost of managing them and keeping them in repair. Last year, the Erie Canal was the only line owned by the State that paid its expenses.

The canal system of New York was planned before the invention of railroads. The Erie Canal was begun in 1819, and the present system was completed, leaving out of account a small amount afterwards added, about the year 1833. Altogether, the Erie Canal has cost nearly seventy-five million dollars. It has been so successful that it has almost paid for the entire system; but very few of the others have afforded any profit at all.

In the early years of canal traffic in New York, the advantages it gave to the country through which the canals passed were very great. Water carriage is cheaper than any other mode of transportation. When the Erie Canal was built, it was considered the quickest line of transportation from the grain-fields of the West to the seaboard. In 1820, the country west of Ohio was hardly developed at all. The States of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, had not then, combined, so large a population as Rhode Island has today.

The most far-seeing statesman of that time never dreamed of a time when the country west of the Mississippi River would send its grain to the sea-coast for shipment to Europe. The great point then to be gained was to connect the lakes with the Hudson River. It was a noble enterprise, and but for the invention of railroads, it would have made New York, even more than it now is, the Empire State of the Union.

For a great many years after a railroad had been laid down by the side of the canal, by far the larger amount of business was done in canal boats. It all went to New York City, and increased the tendency of commerce to centre at that magnificent port.

But as railroad science became more perfect and more exact, the locomotive began to encroach upon the business of the canal. The canal was closed nearly half the year: the freight trains could run all the year round. The boat-load of grain, which it took weeks to tow from Buffalo to Albany by horse-power, could be carried by steam in as many days. By careful management, the cost of railroad freight was greatly lessened. To meet this competition, the tolls on the Erie Canal have been several times lowered, and every time this was done, the railroads also reduced their rates. Now, when the tolls are very low, the traffic on the canal is falling off, while that over the railroads is increasing.

Thus, while the canal has been of wonderful service to New York, and has added millions upon millions to her wealth, the day when it can do more than compel the railroads to do business at fair rates has passed. Possibly it will not be long before even the Erie Canal can only be used at a loss; and when that time comes, New York will begin to think of selling it.

While the New York canals have done so much for the material prosperity of the State, they have been a source of much evil in politics. The history of their management is a long story of corrupt jobs and of open stealing. Reformers put out one set of peculators, and put another set in, more eager for the spoils than those who had grown rich upon them. If it were all to be done over again, it would be a very grave question whether the injury the possession of such a vast property brought to the public morals, could be justified even by the large benefits conferred on the community.

MIDSUMMER NOONTIDE.

The breeze is stopt, the lazy bough
Hath not a leaf that dances now;
The toottergrass upon the hill,
And spider's threads are standing still.
And, in the oven-heated air,
Not one light thing is floating there,
Save that to the earnest eye
The restless heat seems twittering by.
Noon swoons beneath the heat it made,
And flowers o'er wither in the shade,
Until the sun slopes in the west,
Like weary traveller, glad to rest.

CLARE.

TURKISH LEADERS.

The present Sultan of Turkey, and his late grand vizier, Midhat Pasha, have already been described in the *Companion;* but the account of one who recently saw him, enables us to get a still clearer view of Abdul Hamid.

It appears that he is a spare man, who, though not yet thirty, "looks every hour of forty." He is sallow, and his face looks weak and vacillating. He wears short, stubby, jet-black whiskers, and "there is a general air of unrest and disquietude about him." His glance is cautious and nervous, and the lines of care are already written upon his features.

Poor Sultan! He has indeed inherited trouble and sorrow; for, although he has been upon the throne but a few months, he already finds his realm attacked on every hand, and sees the prospect of utter national ruin close at hand.

Most of the Turkish leaders in the present war are unknown to general fame. A quarter of a century has elapsed since Turkish Generals have had a chance to show their mettle; and the greater number of the Ottoman heroes of the Crimea have either died, or are now too old for service. They have disappeared, one after another, from the sphere of action. Even the statesmen of that time—prominent among whom were A'all and Fazil Pashas—have passed out of the world's view; the insidious and intriguing Mahmoud Pasha alone remains.

The Turks are not very fortunate in their commander of the Danube. Abdul Kerim Pasha, who is commonly called in Turkey "Buyuk-Abdi," or the "great Abdul," has been a good officer, and has long been conspicuous in the military affairs of Turkey. He fought well in the Crimea, and has occupied the post of Minister of War.

But Abdul Kerim is not only old, but in feeble health. He is no longer, at considerably over three score, equal to the direction of prompt, desperate, and vigorous operations, such as are to be required of the Turkish army of the Danube. He has, however, at least the virtue of modesty, and seems to prefer to keep himself in the background; and he has the advantage of the aid of several generals in the prime of life, of skill, experience, sobriety and courage.

Among these are Eyoub and Mahmed Ali Pashas, two officers who are well known in Europe at least for military talents of a high order; and Azis Pasha, a fine artillery commander, to whose skill was attributed the fall of Alexanits in the recent war between Turkey and Servia. These three all gained laurels in the Servian War.

About Muktar Pasha, the Turkish commander in Armenia, much difference of opinion exists in Turkey itself. His record as a soldier is a good one. He served in the Crimea, and also in Servia, and acquitted him well in both wars. He has been supposed to be especially qualified for defending a difficult country, and maintaining a position behind extensive fortifications. His slowness and frequent retreats at Kars and Erzeroum, however, have given rise to a feeling that he has now undertaken a task beyond his abilities.

One of the best Turkish Generals is Sulsiman Pasha, who has been operating against Montenegro. He is a middle-aged, energetic man, with a good deal of spirit and dash, able at command of artillery, and more likely to rise in the present war than any other officer.

Of the political leaders, the most prominent are Edhem Pasha, the grand vizier who replaced Midhat, Safvet Pasha, the foreign minister, and Redif Pasha, the war minister. The former is a conservative and rather slow-going elderly man, whose counsels are rather peaceful than warlike. Safvet is a shrewd diplomatist, and a Turk of much more than ordinary cultivation and intelligence. Redif Pasha is the most positive and radical man in the Sultan's counsels, whose "voice is for war," and who is believed to be the moving spirit in affairs at Constantinople. He is a man of great will and energy, and does not probably find it hard to domineer over the cautious and mild Grand Vizier, and the feeble and vacillating Sultan.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE NEW LOAN.

For the first time since the "seven-thirty" loan was issued during the war, and probably for the last time in this generation, the people can now subscribe for United States government bonds at par. The time within which this opportunity is offered will end on the 16th of July. All subscriptions must be made before that day, but the bonds need only be paid for in the next ninety days after the subscriptions.

There are two reasons why everybody who has at least fifty dollars of savings, should buy one or more of these bonds. They afford the safest and best investment that is now offered, and it is a patriotic duty to help along the new loan and support the credit of the government.

There is less risk of loss in government bonds than in any other class of security. Railroads may be mismanaged, real estate may decline in value, savings banks may fail. These bonds are certain to command a premium within six months. Those who buy registered bonds, secure themselves against thieves, for they will get their interest even if they lose the bonds.

The rate of interest is lower than good investments have given in years past; but in the first place, as we have said, safety is the main thing, and four per cent. *certain* is better than six per cent., with a chance that principal and interest may be lost; and in the second place, the income of good investments has diminished, so that there are few of what are called safe securities that will yield much more than five per cent. on the capital.

The price of the bonds is *par in gold*, but they can be paid for *in currency*. One who takes a fifty-dollar bond, will pay for it the currency price of fifty dollars in gold, and interest at the rate of four per cent. a year after July 1st. The interest will come back, however. Suppose gold should be at five per cent. on the 1st of September, and a $50 bond should be paid for on that day, the price would be, capital, $50; two months' interest, 33 cents; total, $50 33; five-per cent. premium for gold, $2 52; total cost, $52 85.

Full instructions how to subscribe can be obtained at any national bank. Or if there is no national bank near, or if it is preferred to deal directly with the government, or the syndicate, write to the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, or to the Assistant Treasurer at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, or St. Louis; or to either member of the syndicate, and ask for a *"form of application for subscription to the four-per-cent loan."*

The time is short, and those who wish to subscribe must do so at once. When such a loan is offered in France, the people stand in line all night in order to get a chance to offer their savings to the government. We hope that the American people will see their interest in taking this loan, and will at the same time show their patriotism by generous subscriptions.

NICHOLAS AND THE JEW.

In Russia when two friends meet on Easter eve or on Easter day, the one says, "Christus voskres" (Christ hath arisen)! and the other replies, "Vo istine voskres" (In truth He hath arisen)! Then they kiss each other three times on the right and left cheek alternately.

The custom gave rise to an incident. One Easter morning the Emperor Nicholas, on coming out of his Cabinet, addressed to the soldier who stood at the door the ordinary salutation, "Christ is arisen!" Instead of receiving the ordinary reply, he was astonished to hear the soldier answer, "Not at all, your Imperial Majesty!"

Astounded—for no one ever ventured to dissent from Nicholas even in the most guarded and respectful terms—he demanded an explanation. The soldier, trembling, explained that he was a Jew, and could not conscientiously admit the fact of the res-

urrection. The Emperor was so pleased at the boldness of the soldier, who thus dared to maintain his freedom of conscience, that he gave him a handsome Easter present. The anecdote shows that even with the imperious nature of Nicholas there was mingled a little of the kindness which belongs to human nature.

"THE DOCTOR AND MISS PEGGY."

Congress held its sessions in Philadelphia until the year 1800. The city had the tone and style of a capital, and was the residence of many men of wealth. Among these was William Bingham, a millionaire, who lived, it was said, in the most showy style of any man in America. His fondness for display prompted him to introduce the aristocratic customs of the Old World. At his parties, each guest was announced three times. As he entered the hall, his name was called aloud. A servant on the stairs took it up, and, in a loud voice, proclaimed it to the man waiting at the drawing-room door; and as the guest passed in to salute the host, his name, for the third time, was pronounced in stentorian tones.

This foolish fashion, so unsuited to the manners of a Republic, was put a stop to by a ridiculous occurrence. At one of Mr. Bingham's parties, an eminent physician, Dr. Kuhn, and his step-daughter, drove up to the door.

"What name, sir?" inquired the servant who opened the carriage door.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy," replied Dr. Kuhn.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy!" cried out the man at the hall door, as the guests entered.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy!" bawled he of the stairs as the guests ascended them.

"The doctor and Miss Peggy!" shouted the liveried footman, as, amid the laughter of the company, Miss Peggy and her father entered the drawing-room.

The blunder was too much weight for the newly-introduced fashion to carry. "Miss Peggy" suppressed it.

VOLNEY, THE FRENCH INFIDEL.

Among those who fled to this country from the terrible French Revolution of 1792 was Volney, a writer of infidel books. He was a timid, peevish, sour-tempered man, and very solicitous about his own importance and safety. Being on board a sloop on Lake Erie, he was overtaken by a storm. Though frightened, he didn't lose his vanity, for he bade the captain be very careful in navigating his vessel, for it contained the celebrated Volney, and the President of the United States would punish any officer who did not take good care of Monsieur Volney.

General Washington did not like infidels, and, as President, declined to notice these French emigrants. Volney, however, forced himself upon the President at Mount Vernon, where he was entertained with the usual kindness shown to strangers.

When about to depart, he asked the President for a general letter of introduction, that might procure him attention in the long tour which he was about to make through this country. Washington wrote a few lines, the substance of which read thus:

"Monsieur Volney, who has become so celebrated by his works, need only to be named in order to be known in whatever part of the United States he may travel."

The Frenchman was in doubt whether he should consider this equivocal praise, or an introduction much too feeble for his exalted merit.

CHILDREN'S IDEAS OF HYMNS.

Many people have read with a sort of incredulity the story told by Dr. John Todd, when a little girl asked for the *Sally Comfort* hymn. Her mother and sisters could not imagine what she meant, but finally she managed to recall the verse:

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live.
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die."

And they found she had always imagined the two first words of the fourth line to be *Sally Comfort*, a girl's name. The incident suggests curious thoughts about children's hymns, and the spiritual benefit they are supposed to derive from them. Harriet Martineau, in her autobiography, says that she, with her brothers and sisters, was obliged to learn by rote many of Mrs. Barbauld's hymns. The general effect was good in stirring religious thought and reverent feelings. But she sometimes trembled with awe over words she did not understand, such as "shaking boy," and "child of mortality." Careful inquiry would convince any one, that many children's ideas gathered from familiar hymns, are strangely vague.

HERO-WORSHIP.

Young people have a genuine admiration for men of genius, mixed often with a kind of reverence and awe. Sir Joshua Reynolds, when a boy, was at a book-sale at which the poet Pope was present. He saw the poet shaking hands with the people generally, and managed to get near enough to have a shake of the hand himself. He always remembered it, and spoke of it as one of the great events of his life. Curiously enough when Sir Joshua had become the most distinguished painter in England, the same feeling of reverence was cherished for him.

Mr. Northcote, who afterwards became an eminent artist, had an intense longing to see and know Sir Joshua. One day he dropped in at a public meeting where Reynolds happened to be present. The opportunity was too good to be lost. He edged his way through the crowd till he came near where Reynolds was standing, and managed to touch his clothes. That was enough. He had seen and touched the great painter, and his heart was full of sunshine. He went away contented, willing to work in obscurity and neglect, hoping that at some future time he might obtain recognition as a true painter.

"MEESTE-AR STEVEN."

Hon. Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, now in the United States Senate, is very feeble and almost helpless. Seeing him carried to and from his chair, his old friends are reminded of scenes both grave and gay in which he figured in the days of his prime. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* tells this story of an amusing blunder the statesman once made in Washington, and which was the cause of considerable annoyance:

About twenty-five years ago Senator Edward Everett and M. de Sartiges, the French minister, resided in adjacent houses on G Street. One evening, as the guests invited by M. de Sartiges to a dinner arrived, Mr. Stephens came in evening dress. The polite Frenchman, not having invited the Representative from Georgia, asked him if he desired to converse with him.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Stephens.

M. de Sartiges went to his dining-room, and told his butler not to announce dinner until that little gentleman in the parlor had gone. After waiting a quarter of an hour, with the knowledge that his good cheer was being spoiled, he again approached Mr. Stephens, saying,—

"Meestear Steven, would you like to see me about something?"

"No sir." And the disconsolate host walked away with a gesture of despair.

Mr. Stephens said to the gentleman with whom he was talking, "What does that impertinent little Frenchman mean by thinking that I want to talk with him?"

"That," was the reply, "is our host you know. Maybe he invited you to have a little chat before dinner."

"Our host! why I came here to dine with Senator Everett, of Massachusetts!"

The joke was too good to be kept, and after Mr. Stephens had left the guests at the French legation in a roar, he created another hearty laugh in Mr. Everett's drawing-room next door.

IGNORANT USE OF WORDS.

We heard a speaker, of some pretension, in a public meeting, say, "Such examples should *enervate* us to new effort," &c. "Nerve us," was what he meant — exactly the opposite thing. Nothing is more sure to give a showy man a reputation for shallow and sham acquirements than the use of words of which he only guesses at the meaning by their sound. A contemporary reports a man addressing a Sunday school as saying: "I have been laboring for the extinction of the cause." He meant extension. An ambitious young candidate used this phrase in one of his trial sermons; "I am now going to eliminate the doctrine in this text."

"Why did you announce your purpose to strike out the doctrine?" asked a deacon after the sermon.

"I didn't," was the reply.

"Certainly you did; you said you would 'eliminate' the doctrine, and that means to strike out."

The minister was astounded. He thought it meant "expound." Some people never use a word of two syllables if they can find a word of six syllables that will express the meaning as well. If you will use long words, be sure you know their true meaning. But short words are the best. One syllable of Saxon is better than ten of Latin to the ordinary hearer.

THE CONFOUNDED BOER.

The witty George Canning, being perplexed, when a Cabinet minister of Great Britain, with the obstacles which Holland made to uniting in a commercial treaty, wrote,—

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is granting too little and asking too much."

But a Dutch Boer in South Africa was not a legitimate descendant of Canning's Dutch, for he asked nothing, and would have granted much:

When the first branch bank was opened at Bloemfontein, in the Orange Free State, South Africa, a Boer, who, after the manner of his kind, had hoarded up his savings at home with a view to buying land, presented himself to the manager, and said,—

"I hear you take care of people's money. How much do you want for taking care of mine?"

"We don't want anything," was the answer, "and, moreover, if you leave it with us for a fixed time, we'll give you interest on it."

"What!" said the Boer, "you offer to pay me for taking care of my money! You must be a set of scoundrels!" And he walked off, buttoning up his breeches pockets.

"THE TOTTERING LILY."

The wife of the Chinese ambassador in London rejoices in the flowery name of "The Tottering Lily." She has been visited by several ladies who thus described her:

She is a gentle-looking creature, with almond-shaped eyes and jetty hair, held out in a stiff tail over a tortoise-shell pin behind. Her attire, a loose, many-colored, embroidered jacket, with large sleeves, surmounting a skirt or trowsers worked in gold. A pardonable ruse was perpetrated to obtain what was most coveted, viz., a view of her feet. The conversation was, by means of the interpreter, brought round to the subject. An American lady present, celebrated for beautiful feet, exhibited one of hers to "The Lily." "Immensely huge," was the remark; and the explanation that they were useful to walk on was not accepted as a valid reason for their dimensions.

Again another lady showed a tiny boot with no more effect; and the "Lily," not to be pleased by European models of perfection, which have no doubt turned many heads in this country, was challenged to show what she considered the soul of excellence. Coyly, for the Chinese have a genuine horror of a profane eye in such matters, her excellency exhibited what she pleased to call her foot. Small it was—just the size of a lady's doubled fist, and much the same shape apparently, swathed in bands of blue silk.

AN HONORABLE ACT.

It is a singular expedient to dismiss a teacher solely for the faults of his pupils—and such pupils would generally, where this course is taken, be the least likely to *voluntarily* be reformed by it. The exchanges, however, mention one remarkable exception, and the pleasant result:

Not long ago, the principal of a high school in a town of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, was informed by the School Committee that his services were no longer required. No fault was found with his qualifications or character, and the only cause assigned for his dismissal was the lack of order in the school. On learning this, the pupils, very sensibly considering that they were most at fault, promptly drew up and signed a compact that they would thenceforth conduct themselves as ladies and gentlemen, and honorably and faithfully do all in their power to assist their instructor in securing the order necessary to a successful school. On receiving this paper, the committee at once reinstated the principal in his former position, to the general gratification of the community. Such scholars deserve honorable mention if their names could only be known.

"WADNA RISK" DR. MACLEOD.

It is pleasant to find people who are tenderly considerate of their pastor. When, however, their tender consideration takes the shape here described, it is not particularly comforting to the pastor's substitute.

In Glasgow, some years ago, a minister was called in to see a man who was very ill. After finishing his visit, as he was leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to church at all?"

"O! yes, sir; we gang to the Barony Kirk."

"Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Dr. MacLeod?"

"Na, na, sir; 'deed no. We wadna risk him. Do ye no ken it's a dangerous case o' typhus?"

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Farmers, their boys and girls, and all persons whom it may concern should pay attention to this seasonable warning:

Cooling off suddenly when heated sends many of our farmers' youth to an early tomb. It is often a matter of surprise that so many farmers' boys and girls die of consumption. It is thought that abundant exercise in the open air is directly opposed to that disease. So it is; but judgment and knowledge of the laws of health are essential to the preservation of health under any circumstances. When over-heated, cool off slowly; never in a strong draft of air. Gentle fanning, especially if the face is wet with cold water, will soon produce a delightful coolness, which leaves no disagreeable results.

In Press.—One of our correspondents, "Garry Moss," has in press a book entitled, "That Husband of Mine," dedicated to all who love happy households, and which we predict will "smooth the wrinkles from the brow of care." It will shortly be published by Lee & Shepard, and is well calculated to while away the time during the summer exodus of our readers.

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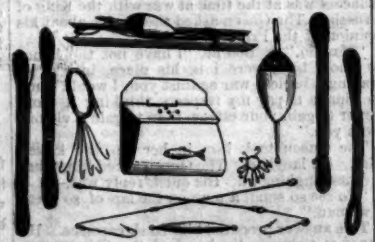

This package will make any boy's eyes sparkle who delights in fishing. It contains two hooks for pickerel or other large fish; a pretty tin bait-box with a catch for fastening to a belt; six hooks for trout or perch attached to hair or gut snell; twelve hooks of different sizes for either salt or fresh water fishing; one cork or quill bob with line and hook attached, for fishing in still water; one bob without line; one lead sinker; and four linen lines of varied sizes; the whole making just the assortment for the kinds of fishing most enjoyed by boys.

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"SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST."

The ingenious doctrine propounded by Mr. Darwin, the tireless investigator of nature and her laws, is as applicable in determining the fate of medicines as in that of the animal species. Every year new remedies are brought before the public, and are soon completely discarded as their sale rapidly decreases. Only those medicines which are best suited to the people's wants survive the first test. If they "are tried and found wanting" in the merits which they are claimed to possess, no amount of advertising will make them popular. Of all the remedies ever introduced to the public, none are so popular as Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Their sale has steadily increased each year, and wholesale druggists assert that the present demand for them is greater than ever before. If you would patronize medicines scientifically prepared use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is alterative, or blood-cleansing, and an unequalled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smartweed, a magical remedy for pain, bowel complaints, and an unequalled liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by druggists. COM.

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For the Companion.

NEW ENGLAND'S BELLS.

New England's bells! How sweet their chimes
Fall on my grateful ear to-day!
Like voices of far distant climes,
Like echoes of departed times,
They float upon the air away.

Our sires—New England's Pilgrim band—
Were welcomed by no joyful bell,
But soon, upon the rocky strand,
And through the lone and snow-clad land
The steepled music rose and fell.

What tones have filled the earth since then,
From sweet New England bells outborne!
What marchings of immortal men,
That woke the mountain-top and glen,
Have chimed a nation's glorious dawn!

Times' rythmic peal at morn and night,
What bells like dear New England's sound?
Giving all hail to freedom's light,
And clanging in the war for right
Till nations hear, the whole world round.

New England's bells! From every spire
Their summons sweeps beyond the sea,
And never shall their mission tire,
But swinging deeper, broader, higher
They shall proclaim all peoples, free.

GARRY MOSS.

For the Companion.

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

None but those who have had the experience of it can know how Divine help is planned for humble Christians in distress, and how strangely they are sometimes made to prepare the way for such help themselves.

A remarkable instance is given in the following English story of Mr. Gadsby, a Lancashire clergyman. He was very childlike in his faith, and firmly believed that God always does right, but in this world's goods he was very poor.

With his utmost stinting and self-denial to make his small stipend support him and his family, he would occasionally find himself in debt when the year came round. Perhaps his heaviest affliction of this sort was a debt of twenty pounds. It had been forced upon him by unexpected and unavoidable needs. Its payment would be exacted as soon as due, but he saw no way to meet it.

For him it was an enormous sum. The last week before settlement day came, and the thought of the debt burdened him almost beyond endurance. How could he prepare a sermon and preach on the Sabbath worried all the time more and more with the dread of Monday's reckoning.

Sunday morning he went into the pulpit with only the cry of his heart for a text, "Help me, O Lord my God!" He named it from the 26th verse of the 109th Psalm, and preached.

Theme and matter unfolded abundantly, and he spoke with a fluency and freedom that surprised himself. He continued the sermon in the afternoon, and, failing to exhaust the subject, he continued it in the evening. Never in all his life before had he had so many thoughts on human dependence and the Divine aid.

Among other applications he dwelt in turn on the need of Divine help in temptation, and told, to illustrate it, the story of a man once high in honorable reputation, and in moral, and even religious standing, who was appointed executor of a large estate, coveted the wealth, used it, lost it, and was driven by the disgrace to suicide. "Ah, if when first tempted that man had called on God to help him resist and be honest!"

At the close of the evening's service, a gentleman requested to see him in private. It was a young man at whose mother's funeral the minister had officiated some time before.

The two passed into the vestry together, and then the young stranger said,—

"I have a confession to make. By will, my mother's property was left to me, but on her death bed she charged me to give you twenty pounds. She said, 'The minister needs it.' I knew that there were no witnesses, and so I held on to the money all this time, intending to say nothing about it, but to keep it myself. God has found me out, through your sermon and what you said about the dishonest executor. Here are the twenty pounds, and I present it, humbly asking your forgiveness."

A CHURCH RESTAURANT.

There is one church, the Rev. E. H. Tyng's, New York City, which feeds the poor and preaches the Gospel to them. It has a thoroughly-appointed kitchen in its basement.

Mrs. McGoun is the presiding genius of this clean and well-appointed anomaly in church auxiliaries. Every Sunday afternoon, under the auspices of the Andrew and Philip Society, she ladles out savory hot coffee and tea, and stewed oysters, and serves great dishes of hot meat and bread for hundreds of hungry men. Every Tuesday afternoon, at the cost of the Mary and Martha Society, women are as bountifully fed.

THE CANNIBAL FISH.

There is a fish which is the tyrant and terror of the rivers of British Guiana. It is by no means a large fish, but such is its voracity and the strength of its jaws that it is dreaded even by alligators and boatmen. It will bite a piece out of a horse's leg when the horse is passing through the water, and nip off the toes of an alligator. A traveller once saw a man who had his thumb bitten off while paddling a canoe, though his hand was not in the water. Bathers are often bitten, and women washing clothes in the river have suffered the loss of fingers and toes. The Indians, who make this fish the principal article of food, call it the piral. Among naturalists it is known as the black, saw-bellied salmon, but its common and appropriate name is the cannibal fish. A German traveller, who frequently met with the cannibal fish in his travels in South America, thus describes it:

Their jaws are so strong that they are able to bite off a man's finger or toe. They attack fish of ten times their own weight, and devour all but the head. They begin at the caudal fin, and the fish being thus left without the principal organ of motion, is devoured with ease, several going to participate of the meal.

The ducks and geese are equally exposed to the attacks of the piral, and those which the settlers keep near the banks of the rivers are generally deprived of the lower part of their feet. It is a strange sight to see them walking on mere stumps.

There were two ducks which had been tamed by the Indians, and brought from the large ponds in the interior. Unacquainted with the danger which the ravenous piral offered them, their instinct directed them to their favorite element, and one of them paid for its first visit with the loss of its toes, and the other was similarly injured in its future visits. They now became cautious, and it was remarkable to observe how studiously they kept in shore, and never trusted themselves beyond their depth.

They are caught with hook and line, and their greediness is so great that no art is necessary to conceal the bait. The piral will dart at it the instant it is thrown into the water, and seize it with eagerness, but it frequently happens that with its sharp teeth it bites the line, and escapes with the hook in its mouth.

We, therefore, surrounded the line where it was fixed to the hook, the length of two or three inches, with tin or lead. Some precaution is necessary even after the fish has been lifted out of the water, or it will inflict in its struggles serious wounds; the angler has, therefore, a small bludgeon ready, wherewith its skull is broken.

This fish is not a bit like a salmon in general appearance. He is of a lead color, and has six teeth on each side of the upper, and seven on each side of the lower jaw. These teeth are triangular, serrated and very sharp; they somewhat resemble the teeth of the shark.

THE LITTLE COUNT.

One of the most remarkable dwarfs the world ever saw was a nobleman of Polish descent, born in Chailez, A. D. 1739. His name was Joseph Bornwlaski, always known as Count Bornwlaski, and he was aptly termed "a perfect copy of nature's finest works in duodecimo." His intellect was remarkable, and was early developed. He spoke several languages, and spent much time in travel, visiting the different nations of Europe, seeing and being seen in the leading courts of Europe.

He reached Vienna at the age of fifteen, and at that time was but twenty-five inches in height. He was presented to Maria Theresa, who became much attached to him. The great princess was at the time at war with the King of Prussia. The Queen asked the dwarf about his opinion of the Prussian monarch.

"Madam," replied he, "I have not the honor to know him; were I in his place, instead of waging a useless war against you, I would come to Vienna to pay my respects, thinking it more honor to gain your esteem than to gain a victory from you."

The Queen took him in her lap and kissed him. He laughed. The Queen asked him what he was laughing at. His quick reply was,—

"To see so small a man on the lap of so great a woman."

This answer procured him fresh caresses. He gazed at a ring on the hand of the Queen once when sitting on her lap, and she asked him if he thought it pretty. Bornwlaski replied,—

"It is not the ring that I was looking at, but the hand I beseech your Majesty to kiss."

This was granted, and the Queen took from her daughter a diamond ring and gave it to Bornwlaski. The young lady from whose finger the ring was taken was the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France.

When in Paris, Count Oliuski gave an entertainment to some ladies of high distinction, and, to please them, he placed Bornwlaski in an urn. The urn was placed on the table, and a funny noise proceeded from it. The Count refused to uncover the urn, and the curiosity of the ladies was raised to the highest pitch. At length the cover was removed, and out sprang Bornwlaski, who ran about the table, to the no small astonishment and diversion of the ladies.

He visited various courts of Europe, his reputation preceding him, and everywhere was he caressed by the ladies, who universally took him on their laps and kissed him. He lived to the extreme age of ninety-eight.

To attract much attention in the world it seems one must either be very great or very little.

For the Companion.

BALLAD.

THE OLD STONE WALL.

It stands as it stood in "Auld Lang Syne,"
By the side of the lane that leads to the spring,
Over it clambers the running vine,
And about it the mosses and lichens cling.
In the bushes that grow on either hand
The robins chirp and the bluejays call,
While stately cedars, a giant band,
Their shadows throw o'er the old stone wall.

What sounds it has echoed in other years,
Perchance the savage war-whoop shrill,
While the homestead blazed amid shrieks and tears,
And the cannons booming on Bunker Hill.
The bear may have roamed through the sunny glade,
The deer may have fled from the hunter's ball,
And the fox by moonlight have slyly strayed
Since strong hands builded the old stone wall.

I wonder sometimes what his name might be
Whose workmen gathered these ancient stones.
Did his firelock stand 'gainst the nearest tree,
Was he Smith, or Thompson, or Brown, or Jones?
Did he wear a cue and a three-cornered hat?
Did he live in a cottage, or fine old hall?
Was he long or short? was he lean or fat?
This man who builded the gray stone wall.

Perhaps he landed on Plymouth Rock
From the *Mayflower's* boat, with the Pilgrim band,
And wandered away from the little flock
To make him a home in this rugged land.
Perhaps he had children, who climbed his knee
When the shades of evening began to fall,
While he told of his childhood beyond the sea,
And rested from building my old stone wall.

Hundreds of winters and snows since then
Have whitened the hills of the still old town;
The builder has gone from the haunts of men,
In the valley of death he has laid him down.
But the fruit of his labor is staunch and strong.—
'Twill be well when for us the Reaper shall call,
If the work we leave shall endure as long
As his who builded the old stone wall.

Boston, April, 1877. JOHN T. ADAMS.

THE STARS.

"He telleth the number of the stars, He calleth them all by their names," says the Psalmist, illustrating the power and greatness of Jehovah. The significance of the illustration is more apparent to us than it was to the Psalmist. For we live in the days when astronomy has opened to a vista more vast than greeted his eyes.

According to Argelander, there are visible to the unassisted eye, on the horizon of Berlin, during the course of the year, 3,256 stars. According to Humboldt, there are 4,146 visible on the horizon of Paris. The mean number which can be observed in every part of the heavens, visible at the same time and place, is said to be about 3,000. As only half of the heavens can be seen at the same time by the same person, the sum total for both hemispheres must be at least double these figures. The British Association catalogue gives 5,900.

According to the calculations of Struve, the total number of stars visible in the entire heavens, by the aid of Sir William Herschel's twenty-foot reflector, is more than 20,000,000. Herschel estimates those in the milky way alone at least is 18,000,000. M. Chacomac thinks 77,000,000 not too much for the grand aggregate.

If we could add to these that infinite host which neither eye nor lens can catch the faintest glimpse of, the mind would be overwhelmed by the vastness of that illimitable creation of which we sometimes fancy ourselves the most important feature.

The distance of the stars is as impressive as their number.

Alphi Centauri is the nearest, if we can speak of nearness in connection with 19,000,000,000,000 miles. The light of that star, travelling at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, is three years coming to the earth. Twenty-two years are required for the light of Sirius to accomplish the same journey; and the Polar star, the most useful and the best-known of all, flings its radiance down to us, fifty years old.

Each one of these sparks gemming the brow of night is a sun, and in all probability the centre of a system resembling our own. Each of them is a source of light and heat to worlds which no earthly vision can ever touch.

HIS WIG SAVED HIM.

People occasionally have cause to be thankful for their personal deformities or defects,—as for instance, when they find themselves in the awkward predicament of being mistaken for somebody else. The *Detroit Free Press* says:

Not long since, a woman about twenty-five years of age, appeared at the Detroit and Milwaukee depot, and giving her name as Mrs. Julia Totten, said that she was on the outlook for her runaway husband, who had deserted her at Cleveland, about a month ago. Securing the protection of officer High, she stationed herself at the doorway of the depot as the passengers were going out, and in the dim light of the several gas jets, made ready for the assault. Presently a man carrying two valises, and wearing a seal-skin cap, an ulster overcoat, and spectacles, made his appearance, and Mrs. Totten seized him with,

"So, you see, I'm not so badly left, after all!"

In vain the gentleman protested, saying in answer to the woman's charges, that he did not know her, that he was a single man, and that he had never been in Cleveland.

Still she clung to him and upbraided him for desertion, and at last she desperately appealed to the officer to arrest him, and she would make a charge of desertion.

Suddenly a thought struck the strange gentleman, and he asked: "Was your husband's hair like mine?" and was answered, "Yes."

"Was it his own?" he asked, and Mrs. Totten replied, "Of course it was, you idiot."

At this the stranger's face was lighted with a smile, and raising his seal skin from his head, he deliberately lifted his wig of handsome black hair, revealing a white, perfectly bald pate. Then he addressed the officer and the crazed woman with,

"In the face of what you now see, do you think it best to arrest me?"

While officer High nearly split his sides with laughter, Mrs. Totten said, "Goodness!" and dashed out of the depot, up Brush street out of sight, at a remarkably lively gait.

FRIGHT IN A SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Many years ago a cub bear was caught by a stout lad near the borders of Lake Winnipiseogee, in New Hampshire, carried into town, and, after proper drilling, became the playfellow of the boys of the village, and often accompanied them to the school-house.

After passing a few months in civilized society, he made his escape to the woods, and after a few years was almost forgotten. The school-house, meantime, had fallen from the schoolmistress's hands; and instead of large boys learning to read and cipher, small boys and girls were taught in the same place, knitting and spelling. One winter's day, after a mild fall of snow, the door had been left open by some urchins going out, when, to the unspeakable horror of the spectacled dame and her fourscore hopeful scholars, an enormous bear walked in, in the most familiar manner in the world, and took a seat by the fire.

Huddling over their benches as fast as they could, the children crowded about their schoolmistress, who had fled to the farthest corner of the room; and there they stood crying and pushing to escape the horror of being eaten first. The bear sat snuffing and warming himself by the fire, however, showing great signs of satisfaction, by putting off his meal until he had warmed himself thoroughly.

The screams of the children continued, but the school-house was far from any other habitation, and the bear did not seem at all embarrassed by the outcry. After sitting and turning himself about for some time, Bruin got up on his hind legs, and shoving to the door, began to take down, one by one, the hats, bonnets and satchels that hung on several rows of pegs behind it. His memory had not deceived him, for they contained as of old, the children's dinners, and he had arrived before the holidays.

Having satisfied himself with their cheese, bread, pies, doughnuts and apples, Bruin smelt at the mistress' desk, but finding it locked, gave himself a shake of resignation, opened the door, and disappeared. The alarm was given, and the amiable creature was pursued and killed, very much to the regret of the townspeople, when it was discovered by some marks on his body that it was their old friend and playfellow.

RAT AND RATTLESNAKE.

It has been said that no animal save the mungoose and the pig is proof against the bite of poisonous serpents. The following account shows that there is one more exception, and that accident (as well as misery) sometimes makes strange bedfellows. According to the Boston *Post*, there is in the store of a "prominent manufacturing firm" of this city, caged together in a wire-covered packing box, a fierce five-foot rattlesnake and a wharf rat.

The rat was introduced, in the expectation that the rodent would form a meal for the stranger. The ophidian monster seemed to think so, too, for he darted on the unwilling visitor and caught him by the neck. The rat, who had hitherto been running around the cage trying to get out, gave a sharp squeal as he felt the serpent's fangs, and twisting himself about buried his teeth in the scaly jaw of the aggressor. The snake writhed and twisted, and rattled sharp notes of alarm as the rat kept his sharp incisors at work, and before the spectators could fairly comprehend what had happened, the little quadruped had shaken himself loose, and was hopping in affright at the further end of the cage for a means of exit.

To the surprise of all, he showed no effects of poison, and when the snake again made a grab at him, he met his creeping foe half-way and snipped off a piece of his long-forked tongue. This seemed to be rather more than the Floridian had bargained for, and he dragged himself into a corner, cast down and defeated. Since that time the rat has flourished in his strange quarters.

He capers over the body of his whilom enemy, and avoids the punch of a stick by creeping under the head of the snake. The rat seems perfectly indifferent, as regards the reptile, and when the latter, roused to a high degree of anger by outsiders, makes a strike at him, he hardly takes the trouble to dodge, and only bites back when the rattle is unusually offensive. It is a singular condition of things, and the rat's immunity from death cannot very easily be accounted for.

An old fellow who many years sold combustible matches in Bishopsgate, had the following cry, "Buy a pennyworth of matches, of poor old man made of foreign wood."

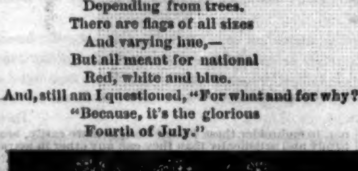
For the Companion.

FOURTH OF JULY.

The cannon are speaking
With sonorous bang!
The church-bells are pealing
Their noisiest clang!
The town's full of people!
The town's full of noise!
Men, women and children,
And soldiers, and boys!
Does any one question, "For what and for why?"
I answer, "My friend, it's the
Fourth of July!"

Folks here, from the country;
Folks there, from the city;
With all sorts of faces,—
From homely to pretty.
The streets ring to music
Of fife and of drum,
From bands that are coming,
And bands that have come.
And, still, do you question, "For what and for why?"
"Why, here's how we celebrate
Fourth of July!"

There are flags floating gaily,
Thrown full to the breeze!
From flagstaff and housetop,
Depending from trees.
There are flags of all sizes
And varying hue,—
But all meant for national
Red, white and blue.
And, still am I questioned, "For what and for why?"
"Because, it's the glorious
Fourth of July."



With evening comes racket
Of crackers that pop,
A sky full of rockets
And stars that they drop;
And all the air gleaming
With bright-colored balls
From gay Roman candles.
And thus the night falls.
The last cracker fired, the crowds, with a sigh,
Go home to await the next
Fourth of July.

FLETA FORRESTER.

For the Companion.

TROTTY'S FIRE-CRACKER DAY.

"Free cheers for the wed, white and blue," sang Trotty.

Mamma smiled as she looked out the window at the picture before her. Trotty, with her hat hanging by its strings from her neck, her yellow hair flying in the wind, one hand grasping her little new flag which was trailing along the ground in a most unpatriotic way, as with her other she drew her little wagon, in which were seated all her dollies; her very dearest Susie, then Daisy, whose neck being broken, had to be propped up in a corner, and Rosy, who having lost one arm and two feet, Trotty thought would feel better to come out and "breeve the air a little."

Then followed some half-dozen others, tucked in here and there, even down to old Rubber, whom Trotty loved dearly, though she had scrubbed her so many times that her face was as blank as lottery tickets are apt to be.

Following this wagon, and fastened to it by a string, was a small tin horse and cart, the latter filled with paper soldiers, some without heads and some without arms, but looking as gay as their red and blue jackets could make them. And last but not least, by any means, came Kitty Gray, soberly following after, unless a grasshopper jumped too near her, when she bounded off for a frolic with it in the grass; coming back soon, however, and taking her place again with dignified step.

"Free cheers for the wed, white and blue," sang Trotty, at the top of her voice.

"Hurrah, Chicken! What's this?" shouted big brother Ned, as he came down the steps.

"I ain't a chicken," said Trotty, indignantly; "this is fire-cracker day, and this is the *mecession* going by."

"Oh, fire-cracker day—so it is," said Ned. "I beg your pardon. Can I help you celebrate?"

"O Ned, *would* you just whistle?"

"Whistle what, Pussy?" said Ned, smiling at her earnestness.

"Why wed, white and blue, of course. *You* needn't sing, Ned, 'cause you know I can sing better'n you; but if you'd just whistle, 'cause I can't. My breff all goes the wrong way, and it don't squeal a bit. You can walk right side of me, unless you'd rather be back there side of Kitty Gray. P'raps you'd better, maybe' twill keep her from jumping so much."

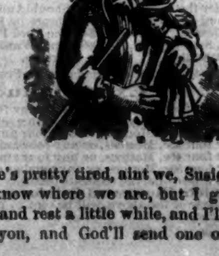
So with as sober a face as possible, Ned placed himself beside Kitty, and whistled the "Red, white and blue," with all his might.

Round and round the yard they went till even Trotty was satisfied, and sat down on the steps to rest; while Ned threw himself under the elms, saying he hadn't done so much marching since his old military drill at school, and he should have to take a nap. Trotty sat quietly for some time; but began at last to want something to do. "Wish I could go to Nellie Wheeler's," she thought. "Mamma don't let me without leave, but she's got company, and won't want me to 'sturb her by asking. It's such a little ways; maybe she won't care;" so slipping down from the steps with Susie in one hand and her precious flag in the other, she went out the gate.

To be sure it *was* only a little way; up the street and around the corner a few blocks; but it was near the depot, and Trotty's mother did not like to have her go alone there at any time, least of all, this noisy, fire-cracker day.

Trotty trudged on, and in her excitement at being alone, missed the house and passed it by. But on she walked. "It's a good ways, aint it, Susie," she said; "but there's the railroad track over there, so I guess we're pretty near her house."

Following the iron track, she walked on and on, till the streets became wider, and the houses fewer, and the green grass looked so cool and pleasant, that Trotty sat down upon it with a little tired sob.



"We's pretty tired, aint we, Susie, and I don't just know where we are, but I guess we'll lie down and rest a little while, and I'll put my flag over you, and God'll send one of the angels down to take care of us, so don't you be afraid a mite, Susie, I aint;" but though Trotty tried to look brave, two or three tears would drop, but as soon as her head touched the grass, she was so tired, she fell asleep.

Brother Ned was awakened from his two hours' nap by his mother's frightened question, "Where's Trotty?" but no answer could he give.

There stood the "mecession," Kitty Gray quietly purring as she stretched and roused from her nap, but no Trotty.

Through the yard they searched, under every bush and tree, up and down the street, around to Nellie's, hoping she might be there. Judge Felton, with a policeman, searched one street after another, his heart beating with hope as he caught sight in the distance of some child carrying a flag, only to be disappointed as he reached it, until night was coming on and their hearts were sick with fear.

Meanwhile Trotty slept quietly until the sun had almost set, when she awoke with a start and looked about her.

"Wake up, Susie," she said; "it's time we's going home. It's too late to go to Nellie's today. I don't just know which way to go, but we'll go up to that house and maybe they'll tell us. Come right along, Susie;" and picking her up, and tucking her flag under her arm, she walked up to the door of a pleasant-looking farmhouse. "Please will you tell me how to go home? I want my mamma," and Trotty's voice failed and the sobs came thick and fast.

"Why, bless me, where *did* you come from?" asked the kindly-faced woman within. "Come in, you little dear, and tell me all about it," and she gathered them up, Susie, flag and all, in her motherly arms, while Trotty sobbed out her story.

"Sam, Sam," she called, "be them horses turned out? 'cause here's Judge Felton's little girl lost her way, and here she is three miles from home, and we must manage some way to get her back to-night, or they'll go clean crazy. Just hitch up one of them horses, while I get her something to eat, and we'll have her home in no time."

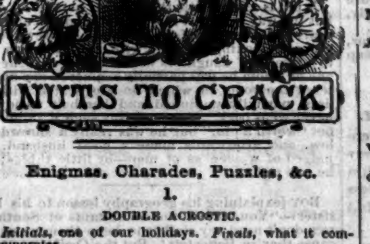
And hurrying away she came back with a bowl of bread and milk, which Trotty ate, thinking nothing ever tasted so good before.

When it was finished, the horse was harnessed, and kind Mrs. Brown tucked her snugly into the wagon, with many charges to Sam as to her safety, and off they drove.

You can imagine something of the joy at home. Mamma was so happy and thankful, she could not scold her for going into the street without leave, or papa, either; while Ned could do nothing but look at her as she sat in mamma's lap, jumping up every few moments to give her a kiss. When mamma tucked her into her little bed, and knelt beside her to thank the Good Father for His care of her, Trotty whispered, "I *knew* He would, mamma. You needn't have been afraid."

And mamma thanked Him from a full heart, that His angels had watched over her little one.

KATE.



Enigmas, Charades, Puzzles, &c.

1.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Initials, one of our holidays. *Finals*, what it commemorates.

1. A Roman calendar of holidays.
2. What is delivered on the holiday expressed by initials.
3. What the States first did on this day.
4. What we now do on this holiday.
5. An instrument of music whose notes are heard on this day.
6. The number of years it has been observed.
7. The part of our history it celebrates.
8. The country responsible for the holiday.
9. What we make of the day.
10. What the holiday is to perpetuate.
11. The style of song appropriate for the day.
12. The tune appropriate to the day. CHARL.

2.

SCRIPTURAL PROVERB PUZZLE.

To be answered by taking a word from each proverb to form a new one.

"As in water face answereth to face so the heart of man to man."—Proverbs 27: 19.
"Buy the truth and sell it not."—Proverbs 23: 23.
"Open thy mouth for the dumb."—Proverbs 31: 8.
"Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."—Proverbs 1: 17.
"Happy is the man that findeth wisdom."—Proverbs 3: 13.
"A foolish son is a grief to his father."—Proverbs 17: 25.
"A true witness delivereth souls."—Proverbs 14: 25.
"A rod for the back of him that is void of understanding."—Proverbs 10: 13.
"The folly of fools is deceit."—Proverbs 14: 8.
"Pride cometh before destruction."—Proverbs 16: 18.

BLUE J.

3.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Twelve words of three letters each. Begin with the old man's head. The central letters, taken downward, spell the name of a man whose memory we delight to honor. LUCIUS GOSS.

4.

REVERSIBLE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of eight letters.

My 1, 2, 3, 4 is a mineral.
My 5, 6, 7, 8 is powerful.
My 8, 7, 6, 5 is a noted island.
My 4, 3, 2, 1 signifies knocking.
A shoemaker's kit would surely contain my whole.

H. H. D.

5.

DOUBLE WORD SQUARE.

Across,—A stupid person. Affirm. Passion. Otherwise. Down,—Defy. Egg-formed. Limbs. A vegetable growth. S. E. H.

6.

REBUS.

Four different kinds of noises. W. T. O.

7.

A POET'S NAME.

I am made of two names, ye lords and ye dames,
My first ye may meet any day;
My second's a beast we forsake and we feast,
Till he turns and feasts us in his way;
My whole is a bard of the fold and the sward,
At home with the haugh and the heather;
As he climbed with his sheep up his rough native steep,
He found fame and forage together. E. L. E.

8.

SQUARE REMAINDERS.

[Behead and curtail the words defined and leave a word square.]

Comparative of late. What we are forbidden to do. A sign of sorrow.

9.

ROMAN NUMERICAL TRANSPOSITIONS.

EXAMPLE: One hundred ears. (Anxieties.)
Ans.—C-ares.
One thousand lies. (Certain distances.)
Fifty guns. (Part of the body.)
One game. (An idol.)
Five poers. (A star.) J. P. B.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

1. I d L e R
R I O
I s L e S
S t Y l E
2. Tun, pint, bin.
3. Plane, lane. Brow, row. Brake, rake. Brook, rook. Train, rain. Fox, ox. Weasel, easel. Dog, og.
4. FOOD, APRON, SI, TUFF, BEET, IRONS, NAPHTHA, DISTAFF—"Fast bind, fast find."
5. Ache, acre. Barest, barrister. Till, tiller. Antique, *moire antique*. Ass, morass. Sow, morceau. Mole, molar, molest. Harp, Harper, harpist.
6. It is honest (on nest).
7. Make, cake, bake, sake, Jake, rake, lake, take.
8. N-one.
9. L-enox, c-amels, v-iols, l-rats, d-olts, c-apers, m-aples.

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COUNTRY COTTAGES IN FRANCE.

An interesting article by a Frenchman, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, gives an account of city and country life in France. It does justice to the patient industry and frugal thrift of the mechanics and small traders of Paris, who dream, when a competence is gained through their hard toils and savings, of a country house. At length business is given up, and the house is bought, a square box with white plastered walls, but destitute of the leafy ornament so universal in England.

The garden is enclosed within four high walls, and as fruit is coveted, and that demands sun-light, no shade trees are allowed. There is a pigeon-house, a fowl-house, a rabbit-hutch, and fruit-trees in abundance, but few flowers. For some months the husband and wife enjoy the new Paradise, but soon *ennui* creeps in, and they hunger a little for the gaieties of Paris. The husband runs up frequently to the city "on business." The wife complains that she is afraid to be left alone, and at length says the country home must be sold. They end their dream of a country Paradise with infinite satisfaction, but the wife is never weary of gossipping to envious friends about the charms of the lovely cottage which her husband would sell.

BIDDING AGAINST HIMSELF.

No Irishman ever committed a more laughable blunder at his own expense than this:

One morning at an auction sale on C Street, a lot of worn-out household furniture was under the hammer, when a Chinaman, who had been carefully watching operations for some time, put in a bid of "two littee" for an old dilapidated washstand.

"Two bits; do I hear the three?" shouted the auctioneer. There was a long pause, broken at last by the Chinaman bidding again,—

"Tree bittee."

The crowd laughed at the Celestial for raising his own bid, and the auctioneer, taking in the situation, sang out, "Three bittee; do I hear the four?"

There was another long pause, but at las "Fo' bittee" came from the Chinaman, and a roar of laughter went up, in which even a number of old women joined so heartily as to almost shake their false teeth out. Still the auctioneer held on to the washstand, and the Chinaman, determined to secure it, bid five, six, seven, eight "bittee" successively, and it was finally passed over to him for a dollar.

He received it with a smile of awful dimensions, remarking, "Me ketchee washstand, you bettee, heap cheapee."—*Virginia Chronicle.*

BEHAVIOR IN A STRANGE CHURCH.

Mere oddity is no evidence of principle, and where no moral duty requires one to be singular from every body else (a very rare contingency, indeed), such a course brings those who persist in it into needless trouble. At least these remarks in the *Sedalia* (Mo.) *Advocate* are just:

Conform to the usages of the church in which you worship. If the order is to kneel in prayer, kneel; if to stand, stand; if to bow the head on the seat in front, bow your head before God. To ignore the usages of a church is as unmannerly and indecorous as to ignore the usages of a private house, the hospitalities of which you are enjoying. The writer once attended the services in a Jewish synagogue, where the men all had their hats on. But he uncovered his head, according to the custom of Christian people. Presently he was invited by an officer of the synagogue to put on his hat, which he did, although the said hat felt heavier then and there than ever before or since. From thence he went to a Catholic cathedral. With a fresh remembrance of his experience in the synagogue, he failed to uncover his head in the cathedral. Soon an Irish janitor stepped up to his side and significantly remarked, "All *gintlemen* take off their hats in this place."

HER FALSE HAIR.

A man once escaped scalping by wearing a wig. He was running away from a pursuing Indian, who, overtaking him, seized hold of his hair, when off came the wig. Such was the astonishment of the Indian that he suffered the man to escape. But wearing false hair is not always an advantage.

At Millersville, Penn., the other day, a boat, in which two young ladies and two young men were passengers, capsized suddenly, and one of the ladies sank out of sight. As she reappeared, one of the men grasped her hat, which came off. The lady sank, and on her second appearance, fared no better, for this time the frightened youth caught her by her hair, which, being false, came off in his hands, and down she went again. At last, however, she was caught by her real hair and dragged aboard the boat, after having had what may properly be called a hairbreadth escape.

TURKISH BARBERS.

Writing from Constantinople, a correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* thus describes a common spectacle in Old Stamboul:

Ten thousand sights distract us,—the fountains, the mosques, the tombs, the courts wherein a few trees invite the indolent to repose, and where generally there are half-a-dozen barbers all busily shaving their customers, both barber and barbered squatted upon the ground like frogs.

Your Oriental barber hands you a shallow brazen bowl with a deep indenture in the rim. You press your throat into this indenture, hold the bowl under your chin, and await with what composure you may the deluge of soap and water that is sure to follow.

Fancy a dozen victims crouching in a row under a mimosa tree, each clutching his chin-bowl in an agony of suspense, while the suds streams from his beard, and a little rivulet spouts from the point of his nose.

The barbers meanwhile flourish their razors as if they were about to decapitate the poor fellows in the presence of an interested throng of spectators. Coffee, chibouks, story-tellers, and players upon flutes and lutes, enliven the hours.

KILLED.

Another case of boys' inhumanity to boys comes from Williamsburg, New York. Edward Joseph Gombers was a delicate boy of thirteen:

He carried an umbrella for fear of rain, and his schoolmates seem to have made sport of him for taking such good care of himself. Two of them returning from school with him one evening thought they would teach Gombers a lesson of healthful exposure. They took his umbrella away from him, and held him under a water-spout until he was drenched to the skin, directing a stream of water down the boy's back in the most cruel way. Little Gombers was powerless in their hands, and had to submit to the cold bath. But in two days he was seized with fever, became delirious—continually begged his tormenters not to let the water run on his shoulders, as he did not feel well—and the other day he died. Those other two boys *murdered* their schoolmate, however they may treat the ducking as a joke.

A SURE RESULT.

This is the too probable end of all idle young men who wait for their father's money:

In Brooklyn, N. Y., a man by the name of Golden died three years ago, leaving his two sons over sixty thousand dollars. They both began a life of the wildest dissipation, and a year ago a wretched, drunken beggar, covered with rags, fell down a cellar, while in a state of intoxication, and broke his neck. This was the oldest son. Last week the other son, reduced to the most abject misery and rags, was found dead in the gutter.

Found dead and alone
In the roofless street
On his pillow of stone.

SIOUX ENGLISH.

Red Cloud, the Sioux chief, has made the following contribution to English epistolary literature, which is printed verbatim as it was received a few days ago by an officer at one of the military posts in the Black Hills:

"A Pril 16th 1877 Sir My Dear I have met some indians on road and thare say the indians on bear lodge creek on 16th april and I have thought let you know it. And I think I will let you know better arter I get to the camp so I sent the young man with this letter he have been to the camp before his name is armsblownoff. RED CLOUD."

DISENCHANTED BY A PIN.

A pin is a very little thing in an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into a dress often reveals the character of the wearer. A shrewd fellow was once looking out for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughters with this object. The fair one of whom he was partially enamored one day entered the room in which he was seated with her dress partially unpinned and her hair untidy; he never went back. You may say such a fellow was not "worth a pin," but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterwards made a good husband. He judged of women as of men—by little things; and he was right.

BOY (explaining his geography lesson to his little sister)—"You see, sis, the inhabitants of South Africa don't need any clothes to keep them warm, because they're *Hottentots!* But the *Coolies* are a different kind of folks, and so are the *Chili* people. Don't you see?"

ANOTHER national conference.—First pot-house patriot: In my 'umble opinion, sir, the Russians 'll *take umbrage* before many days are out. Second ditto: Take it, sir! I'm only staggered they hint took it before, considerin' how badly them Turks have *fortified the place!*—*London Judy.*

Prof. V.—Miss R., suppose you were to start and go north-east, where would you fetch up?

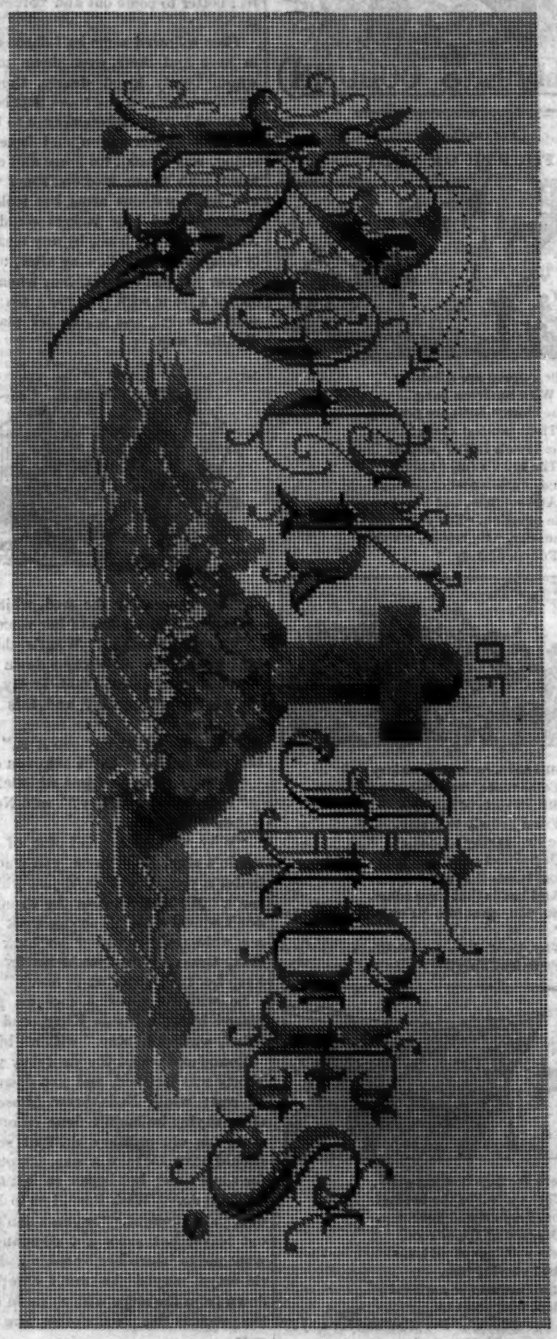
Miss R.—At the North Pole.

Prof. V.—Now, Mr. R., suppose you were to start from the North Pole, after Miss R. had arrived there, and go south-west, where would you bring up?

Mr. R.—Professor, I couldn't get away from the Pole.

A SAUCENTO BOY, riding a horse with the usual sign on its head, a piece of paper indicating the animal for sale, was accosted in a cousequential manner by one of our casual visitors, "Why, Jack, the horse you're riding is sick. Look, what a white face he's got on." "Hey," said the boy, "an' you'd hev a white face, too, if you'd looked through a halter as long as he has."—*San Francisco Alta.*

PATENT MOTTOES and DESIGNS for EMBROIDERY
ON PERFORATED CARD BOARD.



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Each of the following on White Perforated Card Board.
Size 8½x21 inches.

Plain Designs—30 cents each.

11 A. Watch and Pray.
12 A. God Bless our Home.
13 A. No Cross no Crown.
14 A. Simply to Thy Cross I Cling.
15 A. Home, Sweet Home.
16 A. Love One Another.
17 A. God is Love.
20. Praise the Lord.
23. Give us this day our daily Bread.
24. The Lord is my Shepherd.
25. Jesus Loves Me.
26. The Lord will Provide.
27. He Leadeth Me.
28. Faith, Hope & Charity.
29. God is our Refuge and Strength.
30. I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.
31. Thy Will be Done.
32. Merry Christmas.
33. Happy New Year.
34. Charity.
35. He giveth His Beloved Sleep.
41. Blessed are the Pure in Heart.
42. After Clouds Sunshine
50. Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot.

Illustrated Designs—40 cents each.

37. Sweet Home.
39. The Old Oaken Bucket.
40. Peace, Be Still!
42. Rock of Ages.
43. The Old Arm Chair.
44. Mizpah.
45. Hail Columbia.
47. The Father of his Country. (*Portrait Wash'n.*)
48. Malice toward None, Charity for All. (*Portrait Lincoln.*)
49. Onward and Upward.
51. Be not weary in Well Doing.

Shaded Designs—35 cents each.

18 A. Walk in Love.
19 A. Welcome.
21 A. Nearer My God to Thee.
36. Suffer Little Children to come unto Me.
38. He shall give His Angels charge over thee

Size 8½x10½ inches—35 cents each.

CV. No Cross no Crown.
CVI. No Place like Home.
CVII. The Lord loveth a Cheerful Giver.
CVIII. Honor thy Father and thy Mother.
CIX. Good Morning.
CX. Long may it Wave.

Each of the following on Black Perforated Card Board. Size 8½x21 inches. 50 cents each.

*1002. Consider the Lilies.
*1003. The Lord is Risen.
*1004. God Bless our Home.
1005. Home, Sweet Home.
1006. Scatter Smiles.
1007. Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot.
1008. The Lord Provides.
1009. Kind Words can Never Die.
1010. Bear ye one another's Burdens.
1011. After Clouds, Sunshine.
1012. Welcome.
*1013. The Lord is my Shepherd.
*1014. I am the Vine, Ye are the Branches.

In ordering to be sent to Canada or the Provinces, enclose 10 cents extra for postage.

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For order for four 35c. Mottoes, or any four amounting to not less than $1 40, and less than $1 60, one 35c. Motto free.
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